

BELLOC & CHESTERTON: by G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by A. R. Orage.

No. 701 [NEW SERIES. Vol. II. No. 16] SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1908. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper] ONE PENNY

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	301	BOOK OF THE WEEK: Advice to Housing Reformers. By	
ON REGICIDE. By M. D. Eder	304	An Architect	313
CITIZENSHIP OF THE EMPIRE. By Dr. Josiah Oldfield...	304	REVIEWS: Studies in Poetry	314
THE GREAT GOD ECONOMICS. By Thorpe Lee	305	British Colonial Policy	315
THE FRENCH AT CASABLANCA. By M. Hervé	306	American Finance	315
STATE SOCIALISM IN NEW ZEALAND. By Percy Alden, M.P.	307	MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH	316
BELLOC AND CHESTERTON. By G. Bernard Shaw	309	DRAMA: The Sicilians and Paragot. By Dr. L. Haden	
MANHOOD. By Henry Bryan Binns	311	Guest	317
DRUM-TAPS. By M. D. E.	312	ART: The New County Hall. By A. J. Penty	318
		CORRESPONDENCE	319

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139, Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editor to 1 & 2, Took's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE failure of the entire London Press to face the facts of the Portuguese situation is a striking tribute to our national sense of respectability. The moral shock which is professed on all hands appears to be so far genuine that it has dazed the minds of leaders-writers and destroyed for the moment their faculties of rational judgment. Everywhere the Lisbon tragedy has been referred to as a "cowardly and abominable outrage," and placed in the same category as the assassinations of President McKinley and the Empress of Austria and the attempt on the lives of the newly-married King and Queen of Spain. Not one paper has had the courage to state the pros and cons of the affair in a straightforward, impartial fashion; and all have vehemently denounced the attitude of the "Tribuna," the Italian Government organ, because it ventured to suggest that there was something to be said on the other side.

For ourselves we are not prepared to offer our readers any guidance in forming moral judgments on the incident. Such judgments, when they relate to the internal affairs of a foreign State, are not only irrelevant, but must almost certainly be misleading unless they are based on a more intimate knowledge of the facts than we possess. At the moment we can only put in a plea for sanity and reiterate the statement, which we made last week when the news first came to hand, that, sentiment and ethics apart, it is clear that this affair is neither the work of anarchists nor of a few disappointed office-seekers, but a definite move in the struggle for the political freedom of Portugal.

The latest news definitely confirms this view. We know now that as a direct consequence of the death of the King and Crown Prince, the three most oppressive decrees of Senhor Franco have been annulled. Parliamentary immunity and the freedom of the Press have been restored, and, according to Reuter, all political prisoners, including those condemned to exile, have been released. The respectable and horrified organs of the London Press are now faced with the awkward fact that a "cowardly and abominable outrage" has led directly to an indisputable improvement in the situation and a great extension of civil and political freedom. How do they propose to explain this moral paradox without withdrawing their denunciations of the

"Tribuna"? Apropos of the present affair, a French deputy is reported to have remarked that sudden death was necessarily incidental to the business of kingship. If he had substituted the word "autocracy" for "kingship" we should be disposed to agree with him.

The rulers of Portugal, for the moment at least, seem to have learnt their lesson. We wish it were possible to hope that certain English statesmen would also profit by Senhor Franco's example. But the obvious parallel between Portugal and Ireland appears to have escaped the notice of the gentlemen on the Front Opposition benches of both Lords and Commons. For they have spent two days during the past week in denouncing the Chief Secretary for refusing to take their advice and govern Ireland by force against the wishes of the people. Mr. Birrell's defence of his policy was exceedingly able and effective, but it did not strike such a heavy blow at the Unionists as Lord Dudley's speech in the Upper House on the same night.

Lord Dudley spoke as a Unionist and as an ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Opposition have found a great deal of difficulty in discounting the weight and authority of his utterance. He refused to associate himself with the demand of his party for the enforcement of the Crimes Act. "He had frequently been taunted," he said, "for having used the expression that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas. Yet in connection with the government of any other country that phrase would have been accepted as a platitude. Why was Ireland alone to be debarred from the application of such a very elementary principle. . . . No Government could hope to be permanently successful in any country unless it was supported by public opinion. In Ireland that support was too often withdrawn. . . . If he could not maintain the Union by sympathetic and conciliatory methods, if he did not succeed in bringing home to the people its advantages, if he was unable gradually to develop respect for the law and to establish a feeling of general contentment, then he said frankly that he would rather consider the possibility of an amendment in the system of government than fall back upon the permanent attitude of force which some Unionists seemed to desire."

It would have needed all the experience and ability of Mr. Balfour to counteract in any degree the moral effect of such a speech. And in his absence the Unionist attack naturally fell flat. Altogether the Unionists have made a very poor show in the debate on the Address. In spite of their recent successes in the country their attacks have been only half-hearted, and on no single question have they succeeded even in shaking the credit of the Government. The fact is

that without their leader they stand nowhere in comparison with the other parties, either in respect of sincerity or of ability. Amongst them all there is no single man who can really gain the ear of the public. From the opening of Parliament until Thursday evening last, when the debate on the Address concluded, there was only one occasion when the Government were not completely masters of the situation. And the credit for that occasion was not due to the Opposition, but to the Labour Party, and in particular to Mr. Pete Curran, whose "admirable discourse and earnest, simple outspoken avowal of Socialism (vide "Punch") was listened to with grave attention by a crowded house."

Indeed, since the defeat by a narrow majority of the Labour Party's amendment relating to unemployment, there has been little to disturb the inevitable monotony of the one-sided debates in the House. For the chief exception to this rule, Mr. Robert Pearce, the member for Leek, was responsible, when on Wednesday he obtained the leave of the House to introduce a Bill "To promote the earlier use of daylight in certain months yearly."

This Bill is one of the most interesting and original proposals which have been brought before the House in our memory. Mr. Pearce's scheme is that standard time should be advanced 20 minutes at 2 a.m. on each Sunday morning in April and retarded a similar amount on each Sunday in September. By this simple means we should gain 80 minutes daylight every day throughout the summer. The man whose working day ends at 5 o'clock would thus in effect be free at 3.40, with a long bright summer evening in front of him, and everyone would be enabled to conform more or less closely to that admirable rule of going to bed and rising with the sun. Apart from the beneficial effects on health which might justly be expected to flow from the adoption of this plan, its promoter claims that the community would be saved an expenditure of about £2,000,000 on artificial light. We rather question the method by which this figure has been reached, but there can be no doubt that a large economy would be effected. The scheme seems to be a perfectly feasible one and has a strong backing of Generals, astronomers, Bishops, scientists, politicians, and even railway directors. As far as we can see, there can be nothing against it but the tremendous conservatism of British public opinion. But we fear that this consideration will be sufficient to prevent the Government giving the necessary facilities to enable the Bill to become law. Before this remark is printed, however, the second reading will have taken place, and our readers will know for themselves what chance there is of their having longer summer days in the future than they have ever known.

The threatened discussion on the Army and Navy has been postponed by arrangement. Mr. Murray Macdonald and his supporters in the Government ranks, who are dissatisfied with the policy of their leaders, and are anxious to see some substantial reductions in our expenditure upon armaments, have agreed to the Premier's proposal that the question should be raised on the Naval Estimates.

We trust that the Government will not be weak in the matter of the Navy. Either we must courageously maintain the two-Power standard whatever it may cost—and in view of the extraordinary naval activity of Germany it will cost a great deal—or else we must renounce for ever the doctrines of the "blue water" school, and fall back on our second line. Since the country is not yet educated up to the idea of a citizen army, the adoption of the latter alternative could only lead to some form of conscription. In these circumstances we do not hesitate to throw in our lot with those who demand a large and costly increase in our Naval programme, because we believe that this, in the long run, will be the cheapest way of maintaining our national security and of escaping the demoralising con-

sequences of frequent war scares. As for the cost—well, that is Mr. Asquith's business, and until his Budget appears we will refrain from offering him any further suggestions.

The conviction of Boulter for blasphemy was inevitable as long as the obsolete law which deals with the subject remains on the Statute Book. It seems to us, however, a great pity that the Home Secretary should ever have allowed the prosecution to be commenced under such an Act. There is little doubt that the prisoner will accept the chance of liberty which Mr. Justice Phillimore has offered him, and, having enjoyed his advertisement, will pose for ever after as a martyr in the cause of religious freedom. And the worst of it is that he will have a perfect right to do so, owing to the form of the conviction. If he had been prosecuted for an offence against public decency, he might or might not have been convicted, but he would have forfeited the sympathy which, as things stand, he will undoubtedly obtain from a considerable number of freedom-loving citizens.

The decease of the "Tribune" is a sign of the times in more ways than one. From one point of view it is to be deplored, because it would seem to indicate that there is no room in London to-day for a newspaper which consistently maintains the best traditions of British journalism. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the "Tribune" stood for a moribund political creed, the Gladstonian Liberalism of the seventies. It started thirty years behind the times, and made no attempt to catch up with public opinion. And so it disappeared, just as a certain section of the Liberal Party must inevitably disappear in the near future, crushed between Socialism on the one hand and Tariff Reform on the other.

If we accept the reports which are constantly reaching us from abroad, it is impossible to dispute the fact that the most serious and pressing question with which the civilised world is faced to-day is the problem of unemployment. In England we have over 500,000 men unemployed. In Berlin alone we were informed the other day there are 60,000 in the same plight. And now there comes news from America that 75,000 men are out of work in New York, 50,000 in Chicago, 30,000 in Philadelphia, 40,000 in St. Louis, 30,000 in Boston, and so on throughout all the big cities in the States. The question we are inclined to ask is not which of these countries will show the largest trade returns next year, but which of them will be the first to solve the problem.

Mr. Burns has told us that things are really much better than we imagine, that unemployment to-day is nothing compared with what it was when he first appeared on the scene thirty years ago. That statement may be as true as it is irrelevant. The vital fact is that to-day we are more aware of the evil than ever we were before. The whole nation is awake to the facts, so that they have become a burden on the national conscience. Moreover, the sufferers themselves are realising their power, and if something is not done at once, they are more than likely to make their voices heard in a fashion that will make delay impossible. Would that some public benefactor could convince Mr. Burns that this is no time for his cheery optimism, and that, in the words of Mr. Masterman, if he attempts to shelve the problem of the unemployed, the problem will shelve him.

We are glad to learn that the Committee of the Royal College of Physicians of London, at an extraordinary meeting in January, recommended the alteration of its bye-laws to allow the admission of women to the examinations of the College. Public opinion has undergone a tremendous change during the past few years in regard to the claims of women, and doubtless many people will be surprised to learn now for the first time that women have up to the present been excluded from the most common of medical qualifications,

namely, that denoted by the letters M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. The matter rests now with the general members of the College, reputed to be the most Conservative body in England, but there is little doubt, we think, that liberal counsels will prevail.

The Fabian Society is at present canvassing its members with a view to raising a Parliamentary Fund of at least £5,000. With this sum it is proposed that Fabian candidates should be run in conjunction with the candidates of the Parliamentary Labour Party. There is nothing we would better like to see than half a dozen Fabians at Westminster. Expert debaters, with trained minds, accustomed to public affairs, and thorough students as well as exponents of practical Socialism, their entrance into political life could not fail to stimulate both the Labour and other parties. It is even possible they might form the nucleus of a genuinely national party, free of all class bias, and intent only on the good of the whole. A very small sum from every reader of THE NEW AGE would raise the money in a week; and Mr. Bernard Shaw might be induced to forsake the Drama of the theatre for the Drama of Westminster.

The movement for the abolition of the Stage Censorship has been reinforced by the formation of an active Committee, which has just published a useful tract. In view of the probable early reception by the Prime Minister of the postponed deputation, we urge our readers to maintain the subject in the full glare of publicity. Censorship is as ridiculous as it is mischievous; and nothing but good can come of its total abolition. Irresponsibility in public matters is quite as dangerous (and even more insidious) in matters of literature as in matters of politics. The movement is well-supported by brains, and opposed only by financial interests and stupidity (generally an indissoluble union). Our one fear is that the most awful things our dramatists can ever say, even when the Censorship is abolished, will fall far short of the needs of the case. Half a dozen Jeremiahs rolled into one would be needed to sting our generation into anything approaching revolt.

The "Fortnightly Review" has arranged for a debate in its columns on Socialism between Dr. Beattie Crozier and Mr. Robert Blatchford. Dr. Crozier led off in January with an attack upon what he called the fundamental claim of street-corner Socialism, the claim that Socialism stands for economic justice. In this month's issue Mr. Blatchford has replied to the indictment. The following quotations from his very able article will, we are sure, interest readers of THE NEW AGE:—

Dr. Crozier says, as I have said a hundred times, that under the unjust system now in operation the inventor is exploited by the capitalist (he ignores the landlord), and he adds that under Socialism the inventor would be exploited by the labourer. He denounces this as "a scarlet injustice," and claims that all the "surplus value" which genius enables labour to create should be paid to genius. His challenge to Socialism is a challenge to dispute this claim. I accept the challenge cheerfully. I admit that the handing over of "surplus value" to genius would be "economically just"; I have always said so. But as a human being I am not concerned for "economic justice": I want happiness; and as a human being I do not care whether my fellow creatures get "economic justice" or not, so long as they are happy.

Strict "economic justice" is impossible, because any attempt to express the value of human services in terms of money is fore-doomed to failure. I confess without a blush that I have no theory of value; that I never had any theory of value; that I regard all theories of value as vanity and a striving after wind. It is as possible to weigh human goodness in a pair of scales as to value human genius in pounds, shillings, and pence.

James Watt invented the steam engine. . . . Shall we give all the millions produced by all the steam engines ever made to James Watt, his heirs and assigns? And if so, do we pay because Watt invented the steam engine; or because he was the first to invent it? And if, as it seems to me, the claim rests upon priority, are we to hand over the whole of the land values of the American continent to the heirs and assigns of Christopher Columbus? There

would be a pretty dish of litigation for the heirs and assigns of the Marquess of Worcester, and of Thorfin Karlsefne, and Eric the Red. And who is to do justice to the descendants of Aristotle and Newton, and Prometheus and Old King Cole? And what is the value in foot pounds, or in Spanish dollars, or in skins of lard of Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy," or the Platonic "Dialogues," or "Sartor Resartus," or Shakespeare's plays? And if a doctor save the life of his sovereign, what should be his fee? And should he have the same fee for bloody Mary as for good Queen Bess? And since Lord Lister, by originating the antiseptic treatment, saved countless human lives, how much money do we owe him? What, in money, is life worth? Whose life? How could Lord Lister's heirs prove their claim? Are his heirs and assigns to be paid for all the lives his method will save for millions of years? What does England owe Lord Nelson's mother; and ought Lady Hamilton to have been whipped, or granted a pension of a thousand guineas a day? One of my children once asked me, "Which is worst, a giant, or a burglar, or a pleeceman?"

And here we come upon the fundamental error of all anti-Socialists, including, as I notice with regret, Dr. Crozier. What is this error? It is the error of supposing that wealth is a blessing, is the only incentive of genius, and its only possible reward. But who would think of "paying" Joan of Arc, or Horatio Nelson, or Charles Lamb? Who ever thinks of "paying" his wife, or his mother? I hope the day will come when it will be held as dishonourable for a man to sell his genius as for a woman to sell her love.

But I do not wish to alarm the cultured and comfortable classes by issuing a stern fiat that Socialism shall begin the week after next, and that the Premier and the charwoman, the bishop and the bus-conductor, shall all be paid at the same trade union rate of so little per hour. I am no prophet; but I think Socialism will come gradually, and that we shall adapt ourselves to it by easy stages. Doubtless for many years Socialism will pay some men higher salaries than others. But I hope that some day communism will arrive, and then there will be no salaries at all, and our people will begin to live in real earnest.

The anti-Socialist concerns himself almost entirely about "the wealth." The Socialist is more concerned about "the life." The one is anxious to protect the pockets of the rich, the other to protect the lives of the poor. What does it matter how the wealth is distributed: if only we can banish poverty? The first thought of the Socialist is how he may abolish poverty and remove all the artificial barriers to the development of the best that is in us. The hope of the Socialist is that society may be so ordered that every child shall be fed, and clothed, and educated, and cherished, and that we may have a nation of men and women with sound minds in sound bodies. We believe that if we can get Socialism established, and so destroy the dread of poverty and the curse of ignorance, genius will rush forward to give itself; and there will not be a word said about "economic justice."

In view of the suggestion so often made of late to the effect that Socialists are, by their very name, committed to all the theories of Marx and at the same time to all the views of Mr. Blatchford, the following final extract may be of special interest and use:—

I have never read a page of Marx. I got the idea of collective ownership from H. M. Hyndman: the rest of my Socialism I thought out for myself. English Socialism is not German: it is English. English Socialism is not Marxian: it is humanitarian. It does not depend on any theory of "economic justice," but upon humanity and common sense.

Certainly Mr. Blatchford's own breezy commonsense is one of the great assets of the Socialist movement.

[Articles next week by Arnold Bennett, Alderman Sanders, and Edwin Pugh.]

The New Era Sociological Society.

The next Meeting will be held at
UNIVERSITY HALL,
GORDON SQUARE (Near Russell Square, W.C.),
On Tuesday, February 25, 1908.

A paper will be read on
"THE CASE FOR SOCIALISM,"
By Mr. R. C. K. Ensor
Barrister-at-Law: (Representing the Fabian Society).
To be followed by a general discussion, led by

Mr. J. H. Seymour Lloyd,
Representing The London Municipal Society.
The Chair will be taken at 8 p.m. prompt by
Dr. F. Lawson Dodd (D.P.H. London).
ADMISSION FREE. DOORS OPEN 7.15
Hon. Sec., Arthur J. W. Hardy, 71, Crayford Road, Tufnell Park, N.

On Regicide.

To assassinate kings is human and tolerable; to execute them is English and abominable. What child has not shed tears of fierce rage on hearing the story of Charles Stuart, his trial, his death-scene? And children have a beautiful sense of justice, a sense all unblurred by contact with the real insincerities of life. Children know intuitively that the Court presided over by lawyer Bradshaw was, like every assembly where lawyers meet, a mocking illusion.

No law-trained mind ever understands the meaning of human justice, with its first principle that no man dare act as judge of another. We who are no longer children may yet assert that Charles was absolutely right when he refused to submit himself to the jurisdiction of a packed Court. Unhappily, prisoners mostly lack the courage to repeat the King's example, or they would all decline the authority of any law court in the kingdom. It was a foregone conclusion that Charles would be sentenced to death; whoever has assisted at, say, a magistrate's court will recognise that the criminals are neither judged nor sentenced; their crimes alone are considered. Who can read with patience of the pettifogging chicanery of Charles's judges, the bringing up of witnesses to testify to the King's having appeared in arms against the Parliamentary forces? Carlyle suggests that until the very last moment the King did not believe that the Court would dare sentence him to death. That was only Carlyle's nonsense. The King's demeanour throughout showed that he had anticipated lawyer Bradshaw's "Sir, this Court is satisfied of its authority. No Court will bear to hear its authority questioned in that matter." Did ever any Judge disavow his authority to commit the most atrocious of crimes?

Macaulay, the most "moral" writer England has ever produced, sought to justify Milton's Eikonoklastes because, the deed done, it was desirable to calm the public mind by a post hoc proof of the necessity for the legal murder. Turn to the monstrous pages of Milton's magnificent prose. Charles's exhortation "not to study revenge" Milton calls "another bait to allure the people, which, if we should believe in part, because they are his herd, his cattle, the stock upon his ground, as he accounts them . . . yet the inducement, which he brings to move him, renders that motion itself something suspicious." Then follow those wholly unforgivable sneers at the man then past harm. "He glories much in the forgiveness of his enemies; so did his grandmother at her death. Wise men would sooner have believed him had he not so often told us so." Milton, where was your human charity?

We have no ambition to write a panegyric of the unhappy Stuarts who, as Cunninghame Graham says, will be ever dear in the memories of men and of women—beings made of flesh and blood, and not merely of political plaster of Paris.

Assuredly the Parliament was right throughout the long fight it waged with Charles. Had the English Commissioners shot the King out of hand after they had purchased him from the Scots, had Cornet Joyce had the good sense to kill him at Holdenby, or had Cromwell poisoned him without trial at Carisbrooke Castle we should have no reproaches to make. These would have been the ferocious acts of men which we can ever forgive, not the deed of crafty lawyers, which we can never pardon. Life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot; it is the savage rule of a savage people, but it responds to primitive impulses in all of us.

To read the English Press comments on the Lisbon tragedy one would think that these islanders had not, with due legal ceremony no doubt, put one king to death and forty years later driven another into exile. Is a love of liberty an appanage of the Anglo-Saxon? The English seem to look down with haughty disdain upon the efforts of other peoples to free themselves from tyranny, oppression. Disdain becomes a supercilious pity if foreigners fail to follow exactly in our

footsteps as they battle for a fuller life. We ask if the oleaginous native is fit to be trusted with our glorious system of self-government, etc., etc. In politics as erst in war we are wont to exclaim:—

"Two skinny Frenchmen and a Portugee,
One jolly Englishman wholoped all three."

It is time we abandoned this ridiculous attitude. In reality the Anglo-Saxon has but a feeble grasp of the essentials of liberty. No taxation without representation, a doctrine which Johnson really half destroyed, seems still to tether the mind. The Latin races understand the fundamentals of freedom much better. Among them our slave factory system hardly obtains. The Spaniard, the Portuguese, of however humble a rank, however small his belongings, will meet anyone on the level of a true comradeship. He does not touch his cap if you offer an alms, but will invite you to join in a cigar or a drink. There is an entire absence of the absurd conventions, of the self-denying ordinances, which English people of all ranks—artisan, artist, aristocrat—find it incumbent to impose on themselves. In Lisbon, are you so disposed, you may turn a somersault in the public streets and remain Dictator. But the Portuguese are the last people in Europe to submit tamely to a dictatorship that interferes with their freedom of thought or action. Their representatives imprisoned, their newspapers suppressed, who would not want some hot-head to stand up for his rights? Much as we abhor murder, we should abhor still more a race that did not number some men who could be driven into absolute frenzy on feeling that the well-being, the liberties, the lives of their comrades are menaced.

The English Press maintains that assassination is useless, it never leads to the reform of abuses. This in the teeth of the news that comes to us from Portugal: The Dictator fled, the oppressive laws already removed in part, representative government to be again recognised. Dom Carlos has paid for these reforms with his life; how many a son of the people would not go cheerfully to his doom could he but know that so much good had been effected? We may weep with the afflicted wife and mother; it is a picture to suffuse human eyes. But will not kings draw the lesson? Do they think that it is only they who suffer when those dear and near to them are assassinated—whether in Russian dungeon or in Portuguese prison? The King of England attended a Requiem Mass in London. We have no word to say against this memorial service. But what of the thousands cruelly tortured and put to death at the bidding of the King's relation, the Tsar of Russia? We have not heard that Edward VII. has attended a service to the heroic memory of the gifted Maria Spiridinova. Why does the King still intrigue on behalf of the Russian autocrat? Why did he connive at the recent treaty that fettered the activity of the people's party in Russia? The fate of Dom Carlos should be remembered in Germany and in Russia.

Citizenship of the Empire.

By Dr. Josiah Oldfield.

THE Government of the day are pluming themselves on the value of the old maxim that "all's well that ends well." Lord Elgin and Lord Ripon alike seem anxious with regard to the great problem of the Indians in the Transvaal, to say: "The matter is now ended satisfactorily, let us shake hands all round and say no more about it."

But is the matter ended? The point for all who look ahead into England's future is to learn how to discriminate between the trivial and the important, between the ephemeral sensation of to-day and the forces which are linked on to deep principles and which can never be shelved until they are justly solved.

The problem of citizenship of a great empire is one of those questions which no amount of soft soap can hide and no amount of talk can demolish. There is the deep question of justice involved, and it is in this that the British Government have failed so signally in

dealing with the grave problem of the status and treatment of Indians in the Transvaal.

Rightly does the "Times" say:—

Happily for the moment we have smoothed over the Japanese question in Vancouver, and now the British-Indian question in the Transvaal. These are only warnings of what are in store. There is nothing enduring in our settlement, and it is as certain as sunrise that, sooner or later, and no one can say how soon, we shall have to confront similar difficulties, perhaps in a much more serious form. We have seen how the Imperial Cabinet has dealt with the comparatively small trouble in South Africa, and it is certainly not a method that inspires confidence in view of possible and probable eventualities.

The matter is not ended, and why should it be? What has the Imperial Government done to hold an even balance of justice between all her children? What has the Secretary of State done to protect some of the noblest and best of the sons of the Indian Empire?

It is true that "protests" were made to the Transvaal Government. But of what value were these academic protests? Had it not been for the patriotism, the self-control, the inflexible integrity, the unanimous willingness of thousands of Indians to suffer loss of home, loss of property, loss of liberty, and virtual starvation, these "protests" would have been filed and pigeon-holed and some of the finest and noblest types of British manhood would have been degraded to the status of criminals and ticket-of-leave men by a Government as much Dutch as it is English!

I am not even sure that our Imperial Cabinet would not have allowed this gross degradation to be perpetuated with the same stereotyped attitude with which they allowed it to be inflicted had there not come to their ears the muttering of many voices stirring from the bazaars of India.

And when the Indian national spirit of patriotism and kinship began to growl for her brothers who were being imprisoned for honour's sake, was it Mr. Morley or the India Office which arose and demanded sternly the right of citizenship for the sons of the Indian branch of the Empire?

It was not. They seem only too relieved that the Indians have been "moderate" in their demands, and are only too glad that the matter is being allowed to drop.

If Japanese are being ill-treated, the Cabinet of the Mikado will not rest until it has secured the very best possible for its sons, and so its sons with loyal fidelity lay their troubles at the door of their Government, and know that they will not be forgotten. But who fights for the brilliant sons of India? The Secretary of State "protests" and lets his citizens go to prison!

Lord Elgin is not justified in claiming any praise for the present solution. What has been secured, has been secured by Mr. Gandhi and his self-sacrificing comrades. What they have secured by suffering imprisonment Lord Elgin would have secured—and much more—by making due provision for Indians when self-government was granted to the Colony.

Lord Ripon had the bad taste to suggest that because the Indians in the Transvaal war were not allowed to fight, therefore they were not entitled to any honour for having won this land for the Empire.

He forgets that over ten thousand Indians were doing harder and more thankless work than dashing forward in the fighting line. They were doctors, ambulance men, and bearers of all descriptions. They bore the burden and heat of the battles and the long campaign. They were killed, and they died by bullet and fever and fatigue and hunger and thirst, and bore all that any soldier bore, and yet, forsooth, because they were not allowed the blood frenzy of shooting back, Lord Ripon says they are not entitled to any of the honour of having won the Transvaal for the Empire!

Mr. Gandhi himself raised an ambulance staff and helped to tend the wounded on the banks of the dreadful Tugela, and while many an Englishman made his fortune through the war, Mr. Gandhi only gave of his best—and then, when the country is won, he is put into prison because he refuses to sink to the status of the Kaffir and the criminal.

By the Ordinance, he, an educated gentleman, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, a man of culture, of highest ideals, self-sacrificing, and of wide erudition and statesmanlike education, can be stopped by any ignorant, brutal policeman and run into the nearest police station and made to show a pass and make a thumb-mark! Why, we hardly give such power in England over our ticket-of-leave criminals, and rightly, and very rightly, did Mr. Gandhi prefer to go to prison that he might save his fellow citizens from such degradation.

And he has won, as integrity and honesty and self-sacrifice always must win. But Lord Elgin and Mr. Morley have lost—have lost a great chance of showing to India that England will protect her sons wherever they be and whatever colour they be, so only that they will develop a character and education worthy of citizenship.

The future of citizenship will be character, education and worth, and will not be colour, and the time will come when those who have won this citizenship will be able to travel the length and breadth of the British Empire without let or hindrance or annoyance, because they are citizens of the British Empire.

The Great God Economics.

WHEN I was young and fancied myself as a dialectician, I was once arguing with a shrewd opponent, who said to me, "If you are going to use the terms 'objective' and 'subjective,' I give you up. It's no use talking with a man who uses the cloudy terms of an antiquated philosophy to conceal his own cloudiness of mind."

I feel inclined to say the same to anyone who belabours me with "economics."

What is "economics"? Literally, it means the management of a house. Ruskin, taking it broadly, defined it as the application of labour. But ninety-nine people out of every hundred who use it nowadays suppose it to mean some hard and fast collection of generalisations about Wealth and Rent and Interest and Capital which, in their hazy way, they believe to be as unchangeable as the Laws of Medes and Persians were once fondly considered, and which can be invoked, as the priests of Baal invoked the intervention of their gory god, against all who dare to deny that present arrangements and systems are bound to last for ever.

No denunciation of Socialist aims is complete, therefore, without a reference to its "crazy economics." A very comforting sound this has to the ears of the timid and unthinking. I have no doubt many such were greatly reassured by the "Daily Mail" leader-writer's pronouncement last week that the way to bring back prosperity to the railways was to uphold sound economics and erect more bulwarks against Socialist legislation. And not one, I dare swear, took the trouble to think out exactly what this means.

The railways are doing badly. That is perfectly clear. At the half-yearly meetings just held, in the South at all events, the chairmen have lifted up their voices and wept. "Where are our missing passengers?" they cry, and will not be comforted.

Now, why are the railways doing badly? To some extent their reduced receipts from passenger traffic are accounted for by the increasing competition from municipal electric trams and motor omnibuses. But there is a deeper cause than this.

Railway returns are one of the surest tests of national prosperity. When passenger receipts go down it means that the mass of the nation is short of money. Clearly this is the case at present. The mass of the nation has got very little money to spare. The chairman of the Great Eastern says people cannot afford to take holidays at the seaside, as they did in fat years gone by. And how do the devotees of the great god Economics propose to increase national prosperity? By setting up bulwarks against Socialist legislation!

The argument is hard to follow. We are, as a nation, hard up now—that is to say, the purchasing power of the mass of the nation is small. Socialists

propose changes which would have the effect of increasing our purchasing power, of making the mass of the people less hard up. That is an object which everyone admits (or pretends to admit) to be desirable of attainment. Even Mr. Arnold Forster, who has written a whole book in denunciation of Socialism without in the least understanding what it means—even he admits that “the distribution of wealth in this country is grossly unequal—so unequal that it cannot be good for the body politic.”

Yet the only scheme at present before the country for the more equal distribution of wealth is to have bulwarks erected against it, and the erection of those bulwarks is expected in some mysterious, unexplained fashion to increase national prosperity!

If a neighbour of yours were ill and you recommended him to try the remedies of a certain doctor, you would think him a fool if he fell into a passion and barricaded his house so that the doctor should not get in—especially if that doctor were the only one who had any remedies to propose. Yet that is exactly the state of mind of those who declare that, although, as a nation we are hard up, they will do all they can to erect bulwarks against the only people who propose a remedy for our lack of prosperity.

Lord Claude Hamilton revealed a little more clearly than the “Daily Mail” leader-writer the mental processes which give birth to such arguments when he spoke the other day at the Great Eastern meeting against the Eight Hours Day for Miners.

He said that if, in consequence of more men being required to produce the same amount of coal, the price of coal went up two shillings a ton the result would be disastrous, “not only to railway proprietors, but also to shareholders in every manufacturing concern, while the poor in every part of the kingdom would be equal sufferers.”

It seems to me that if the shareholders in railway companies and manufacturing concerns had their dividends slightly reduced it would make little difference to the purchasing power of the nation. For these shareholders are all people whose daily bread is secure. They might buy fewer meals in expensive restaurants, or fewer feathers for their wives’ hats, or fewer flowers for their dinner-tables in winter. But they would not reduce their expenditure on any of the staple articles of consumption on which the industry of the country mainly depends.

Whereas, if more miners were employed, the purchasing power of the nation would be increased to a large extent. A number of men now out of employment and unable to buy even the common necessities of life would be put in a position to circulate money, and it is the greater circulation of money which is our chiefest need to-day.

If all the people who have command of large sums of money were to put it in circulation in this country by employing labour, everybody in this country would become more prosperous. More houses would be required, and more bread and butter and beef, and more clothes, and more furniture, and more boots and shoes, and more everything which the mass of the people are employed in producing. It is because the people with command of large sums of money are not doing this that we are, as a nation, hard up.

Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P., another well-meaning but muzzy-witted opponent of Socialism, told an audience lately that

“the continued maintenance of the employment of labour depends upon constant new channels of labour being found, upon new manufactures being continually started, and upon additions being constantly made to old ones.”

In other words, the available supply of labour can only be kept in employment if money is in brisk circulation. Yet Mr. Cameron Corbett denounces the only people who have proposed any method of causing money to circulate more freely among the mass of the people!

Capitalism is on its trial to-day just because it has failed to keep money circulating briskly. Capitalism

does *not* find constant new channels of labour. It does *not* continually start new manufactures or constantly add to old ones. It sits upon its money, or squanders it on luxuries which do not add to the nation’s wealth, or invests it abroad. It would be a good thing to impose a two shilling income-tax on all dividends from companies operating outside the United Kingdom. If Capitalism won’t do its duty by providing channels of labour at home, it should be made to discharge a part of its obligation in another way.

But that, of course, would be only a temporary measure of justice. The plain fact is that Capitalism has failed. Five hundred thousand unemployed are sufficient proof of its failure. The great god Economics is a fraud and a stupidity, and our present industrial system, which can find no buttress but this dreary deception, HAS GOT TO GO.

THORPE LEE.

The French at Casablanca.

By M. Hervé.

(Being the second of four articles summarising M. Hervé’s speech in his defence. Translated for THE NEW AGE, with M. Hervé’s express permission.)

THE honour of the country was at stake. The honour of the country demanded vengeance—vengeance for those who had provoked the natives beyond all bounds of endurance!

What happened? This extract from the “Journal Officiel” will tell you. I quote from the speech of a political opponent of mine noted for his moderation, M. Ribot. Listen to what an ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs and a determined supporter of the policy of Colonial expansion, who has investigated the causes of the disturbance at first hand, has to say of the way we plunged into the adventure of Casablanca:—

“As a matter of fact, the cloud broke without warning, with the Consul on his holidays, the Vice-Consul on leave (though of this latter fact the Foreign Minister appears to be unaware) . . . Our public servants must be taught that offices are not made for the officials. We cannot have our whole administrative staff devoting its attention exclusively to the subject of holidays. When the house is on fire, the official must be at the hose-pipe . . .”

A letter I have received from a merchant of Tangier confirms this singular absence from Casablanca of our two representatives at the moment when the bombardment began; explains the grotesque family arrangement by which a nincompoop, pitchforked by influence into the job of clerk to the Legation, was left in charge at Casablanca while his brother-in-law, the Vice-Consul, paid a week’s visit to the Consul at Gibraltar—father of the nincompoop; explains how this foolish clerk, dazzled by his sudden elevation, and imagining all things were lawful unto him, instead of easing the tension between the Pacha and the representatives of the powers, so far aggravated it as directly to bring about the breach which furnished those lurid headlines in the Paris Press; how he lost what head he possessed, and compelled the French residents to take refuge in the Consulate, where they kept whole throats as a merciful concession from the Moors; how—immediately upon the arrival of the “Galilée”—he ordered the bombardment of the place, with the result that a prosperous town has been turned into a city of the dead, and the French cut off from all communication with and supplies from the interior—all this because of the stupidity of a young man of twenty-five, this mule among mules, who is about to receive (in fact, has since received) the Cross of the Legion of Honour!

To return to my official document. You will not believe me, but you will believe M. Ribot. He goes on: “The orders of the commanding officer of the ‘Galilée’ were to proceed with extreme caution, in view of the inadequacy of the force at his disposal, and, should their lives be in danger, to aid French subjects

by putting them on board his own ship or some of the merchant vessels in the harbour. But of disembarking there could be no question."—You understand why there could be no question of landing. The French marines land; the Moors imagine—put yourselves in their place—that they come to take possession of the town, and their guns go off of their own accord. Inevitably there is an explosion of what we call Fanaticism or Patriotism, in accordance with the birth certificate of the exploder . . . The Government had said, too: "In the terms of the Treaty of Algéiras, we have no right to land our men, we are a police force with native constables—no more!" But there was a young man (just now getting ready for his Cross) who had other conceptions of the interests of his country.

"There are," continues M. Ribot, "some despatches, not included in the Yellow Book, which state that the uncle of the Sultan took upon himself to dismiss the Pacha"—because he failed to prevent that fateful quarrel—"and replaced him by the Kaid, who had, two days before, at the head of his men, protected the embarking of a number of Europeans on an English ship" (this, you see, was a very well-intentioned Kaid); "and that the Kaid, as provisional governor of the town, had declared that, except in the event of its bombardment—a thing neither in the instructions nor the mind of the Government—he would take upon himself to answer for its tranquillity. It is nothing short of a calamity, then, that the 'Galilée' so hurried on the landing of its sixty heroes. Quick as our French hearts are to respond to the touch of heroism, let us not forget that prudence and respect for instructions are no less admirable and necessary." (I do not myself say that they lacked courage, those sixty marines, but neither did the brigands who attacked the Etampes train.) M. Ribot calls this landing a calamity, and M. Ribot is a moderate man.

When the Moors saw those armed marines there was an explosion. The sacred soil of Islam was invaded! Bands of mountaineers entered the town. Guns were fired, pillage began. Then, without summons, the ships in the harbour opened fire—firing on friend and foe, on Jewish and Mussulman quarters alike . . .

I come now to two telegrams received from its special correspondents by a paper (the "Matin") whose reputation for patriotism is above suspicion. Here they are: (1) "The town presents a lamentable spectacle. At every few steps one stumbles over a corpse lying in a pool of blood. The streets are deserted. A cataclysm, you would say, has blotted out the inhabitants . . . Before the pillaged shops fragments of linen and clothes trail in the gutter. The air is poisoned by the smell of the corpses—horribly mangled corpses coated with a legion of flies. The town shows up as bright as day in the light of the burning houses. Upon this solitude rifle bullets still rain. Whence come they? Impossible to tell . . ." (2) "The loathsome odour of decomposition; the sight of this shell-pierced town, heaped with corpses—horses and Moors jumbled pell-mell together—and littered with nondescript rubbish from the sack of the shops, is truly terrifying. One wades knee-deep in a prodigious harvest of grain—among empty boxes—stuffs . . . The shops are stripped bare. The Arab town is a heap of smouldering ruins. Everywhere are corpses, distorted and swollen; to breathe near them is to vomit; they are now being carted away . . . The troops have entered the town singing the 'Marseillaise,' flowers wreathed round the barrels of their rifles. All night their songs have continued. Hardly any shots have been fired. The soldiers are wild with joy . . . Mounted Arabs charge at full gallop—they are like creatures of fantasy, but their well-aimed shots strike into our midst; it is a miracle our soldiers are not hit . . ."

They had probably old flint locks, they caracoled on their horses like the Arabs of 1830; and then the "Gloire" and the "Galilée" sent them three thousand Schneider shells at 400 to 500 francs apiece, and a flourishing town was magically changed into a tomb. This is what you have done, this is what they have

done, Mr. Attorney-General, those French troops, whose official apologist this day you are.

Shortly after the appearance in the "Matin" of these telegrams, the "Echo de Paris," a paper still more blamelessly patriotic, published the following: "The French took two prisoners who were questioned by General Drude after the battle. Then the sentence of death was read to them. They wept, kissed the general's hands, threw themselves at his feet, but, after being compelled to dig their own graves, they were shot." Public indignation was aroused; Jaurès gave notice of his intention to bring the matter before the Chamber; and then the news was officially contradicted, and Jaurès withdrew his motion. Let us see whether you will be as easily satisfied . . .

(M. Hervé here read a letter from a commander in the Foreign Legion, killed later on at Casablanca, wherein it is incidentally mentioned that a wounded prisoner was sent to the Governor of the town "pour être interrogé et exécuté"; and a telegram to the "Agence Havas," the truth of which was subsequently confirmed by the "Echo de Paris" and the "Matin," stating that six Moors had been captured and shot for being found with arms in their hands, *i.e.*, "an out-of-date Martini, a broken bayonet spliced to a stick, and three long Arab muskets.")

These statements have *not* been denied. As you see, we have not shot our prisoners!

From this moment—the moment of these revelations—we altered our tactics, and began to take hostages (or delegates, as your Foreign Minister prefers to call them). We have taken delegates from the neighbouring tribes, and guarded them. And the neighbouring tribes, fearing lest we should do unto those hostages what the Prussians threatened to do to the French hostages, ruffle no longer the peace of Casablanca. Only, as my Tangier correspondent observes, the Moors have stopped sending in market produce. They have, in fact, put the port into quarantine, and they manifest, and will preserve, feelings of ferocious hatred towards the French "Roumis" of which our German and English commercial competitors will know well enough how to take full advantage.

(To be continued.)

State Socialism in New Zealand.

By Percy Alden, M.P.

THE whole question of State interference has recently been discussed at great length by many statesmen and publicists, and we are constantly being warned of the dangers that lurk in the road which leads to Socialism. During the last few months there has been a newspaper campaign against Socialistic legislation which has only succeeded in concentrating public attention on the experiments which have been made in other countries, and which might be made in our own. The Government of New Zealand, both in administration and legislation, has not feared to be definitely Socialistic, and such action has taken shape not only in its treatment of the unemployed, but also in its Old Age Pensions and its Arbitration Act. From the very outset it recognised that for the solution of the unemployed problem one Minister must be made responsible, and that he must be empowered to demand the assistance of the various Government departments. The treatment of their unemployed problem has therefore been of an extremely practical nature, and while no doubt it may be said with perfect truth that in such a small country as New Zealand the problem is less complex and more compassable than in England, at the same time an important reason for any success which may have attended the efforts of statesmen in the Southern Seas is the fact that they understand the difficulties and the conditions of the working classes. "All the members of the present Ministry," said a prominent statesman, "have begun at the bottom. This is a Ministry of working men who are resolved that the Government shall do

something to better the condition of the common people from whom they sprang, and they have worked faithfully to that end." One reason for State action in New Zealand as over against municipal action in the treatment of the unemployed is the fact that there the process of urbanisation is comparatively slow, but it is also considered that the unemployed problem is a national responsibility, since no one city or district is capable of finally dealing with lack of employment in all its aspects. In the years just before 1890 a crisis in labour and industry arose in New Zealand, due in the first place to the monopoly of land, and in the second to forms of sweating such as prevail in the tailoring trade. It was at this time that the unemployed problem became acute. Charity was resorted to, and relief works were started at a very low rate of wages. As a result, however, of the General Election of 1891 the Liberals, Radicals, and Trade Unionists were returned in large numbers pledged to tackle this question, and the first step was the formation of a labour department. Mr. Edward Tregear, the head of the department, whom I was able to interview at some length when in New Zealand, took as his motto "With work everything; without work nothing." In one of his annual reports (1894) he was bold enough to make this statement: "Hold what theory we may; hide the facts in what casuistry we choose, it remains that the wage-payer is the master of the wage-earner, the landowner is the master of the landless, and the owner of machinery is the master of the machinist."

Labour bureaux were opened up in various parts of the country. Public works were started, such as railways, roads, bridges, the laying out of land settlements, the construction of post offices and Government buildings. The unemployed were found work, and despatched from place to place, the State railways carrying them free, if necessary, it being understood that the men would refund the money, if able to do so, later on. The works were always useful and productive, and in order to ensure that they should be economically carried out, the system of co-operative contracts was established by the late Prime Minister. From six to twelve men were allowed to group themselves as voluntary partners and to take a small contract in the construction of some public work. This co-operative group buys its material direct from the Department, and gives a definite price for work that is planned, measured out and estimated for by the Government engineer. They are not compelled to take the work at the Department's price, but if they do that, must abide by the result. Each group chooses its own foreman, who deals direct with the Government, although the State Department reserves to itself the right to turn off loafers and drunkards. The working day is fixed at eight hours. Facilities are afforded to the men to remit money to their wives if the work is at a distance from home. Generally speaking, the result is perfectly satisfactory. It is to the interest of each man to see that his neighbour works, and on an average their earnings amount to between 7s. and 8s. a day. Admitting as we do that the problem is a small one compared with that of the Mother Country, the experiment is none the less a useful and instructive one.

The Old Age Pension law of New Zealand is another example of advanced legislation on Socialist lines. The system in operation takes it for granted that a certain standard of comfort represents the actual pecuniary requirements of old age. All the old people of the age of 65 who have an income equal to £52 a year are regarded as having sufficient; while all who have less, being in comparative need of assistance, have their incomes supplemented, not as a charitable gift, but as an act of justice. The maximum allowance is now 10s. a week, and the qualifications are as follows:—

The recipient (1) must have resided in the Colony 25 years; (2) must not have been in prison four months within the previous twelve years; (3) must be of good moral character, and for the five years previous must have led a sober and reputable life; (4) must not have accumulated property exceeding £250; (5) the yearly

income must not amount to £52 and upwards, while the joint income of husband and wife, including pension, must not exceed £78.

In addition to this, it is obvious that the recipient must not have deprived himself of property or income in order to qualify for a pension. The number of pensioners is about 12,000. Mr. Richard Seddon argued strongly that the pension was not a form of charitable aid, but a return for the indirect taxation of the recipient and for the work which he had contributed towards the welfare of the State. "Nobody," he argued, "objects to pensioning Judges and Civil Servants; why then should we object to pensioning old working men and working women?" It was described by one of the Opposition in the New Zealand Parliament as "a glorified system of charitable aid," but generally speaking, it is not so regarded in New Zealand. Trades Unionists consider it to be a step towards the equalisation of property and one part of a big scheme for the reconstruction of society on democratic lines.

Perhaps the most important piece of Socialistic legislation is the Arbitration Law, which New Zealand owes in large measure to the present High Commissioner in England. It was introduced in 1894, and entitled "An Act to encourage the formation of industrial Unions and Associations, and to facilitate the settlement of industrial disputes by Conciliation and Arbitration." It was debated through three sessions of Parliament, and twice thrown out by the Upper House, but finally passed almost without opposition. The principal points and stages of the Law are:—

- (1) Voluntary conciliation without publicity.
- (2) Compulsory publicity.
- (3) Compulsory reference to a disinterested tribunal.
- (4) Compulsory obedience to the award of the Court.

The plan of arbitration insisted upon the voluntary organisation of employers and employed. The State cannot deal with individuals, so capital and labour must both be organised and registered under the Act. In each of six districts there is a Board of Voluntary Conciliation to which the dispute is first referred. If a settlement is not arrived at the case goes on to a Court of Arbitration, which sits for the whole Colony. On both the Board and the Court employers and employees are represented. The presiding officer of the Court of Arbitration is a Judge of the Supreme Court of the Colony. Experts can be called in, but lawyers are not allowed to appear except by the consent of both sides. The Arbitration Court has used its power with moderation, and the result is that both parties have grown reconciled to a form of State interference which perhaps would not be wholly successful here, but which might at least in part be imitated. It seems clear that before long we shall be forced to have in England a Court of Compulsory Conciliation, which gives publicity to all the facts, and which issues a report bearing upon any dispute that may have arisen. Mr. Lloyd George, as President of the Board of Trade, has taken at least a step in this direction, and it is only a matter of time before the State will feel bound to interfere when the wages and conditions of labour in any industry are such as lower the standard of life and tend to deteriorate the physical and moral health of the worker.

TYPEWRITING AND SHORTHAND.

NEAT, ACCURATE, PROMPT. MODERATE CHARGES.

Miss ANSELL, 70-72 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON

ZION'S WORKS

contain explanations of the Bible, which free mankind from the charge of Sin. Read Vol. V., p. 87, and the "Discourses," Vol. XII.

IN THE PRINCIPAL FREE LIBRARIES.

"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH." "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY Explained" (Armstrong), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke), "Atonement" (Page Hopps) given post free.—Miss BARNBY Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth

A SOCIALIST, with Political, Literary, and Commercial Experience (6 years with large firm of City merchants) SEEKS SUITABLE EMPLOYMENT. Speaks French and German. Moderate salary.—Address, D Z., c/o FRANK PALMER, 139 & 140, Fleet Street, E.C.

Belloc and Chesterton.*

By G. Bernard Shaw.

[Note.—It is requested that not more than 20 lines in all be quoted from this article without permission.—ED. NEW AGE.]

OUR friend Wells is mistaken. His desire to embrace Chesterton as a vessel of the Goodwill which is making for Socialism is a hopeless one for other reasons than the obvious impossibility of his arms reaching round that colossal figure which dominates Battersea Park. Wells is an Englishman, and cannot understand these foreigners. The pages of "Who's Who" explain the whole misunderstanding. Turn to WELLS, Herbert Geo., and you learn at once that he is every inch an Englishman, a man of Kent, not in the least because he was born in Bromley (a negro might be born in Bromley) but because he does not consider himself the son of his mother, but of his father only; and all his pride of birth is that his father was a famous cricketer. It is nothing to Wells that he is one of the foremost authors of his time: he takes at once the stronger English ground that he is by blood a Kentish cricketer.

Turn we now to CHESTERTON, Gilbert Keith. He is the son of his mother, and his mother's name is Marie Louise Grosjean. Who his father was will never matter to anyone who has once seen G. K. Chesterton, or at least seen as much of him as the limited range of human vision can take in at once. If ever a Grosjean lived and wrote his name on the sky by towering before it, that man is G. K. C. France did not break the mould in which she formed Rabelais. It got to Campden Hill in the year 1874; and it never turned out a more complete Frenchman than it did then.

Let us look up Belloc. The place of his birth is suppressed, probably because it was in some very English place; for Belloc is desperately determined not to be an Englishman, and actually went through a period of military service in the French artillery to repudiate these islands, and establish his right to call himself a Frenchman. There is no nonsense of that kind about Chesterton. No artillery service for him, thank you: he is French enough without that: besides, there is not cover enough for him on a French battlefield: the worst marksman in the Prussian artillery could hit him at six miles with absolute certainty. Belloc's sister is a lady distinguished in letters: she is also in "Who's Who," which thus betrays the fact that one of their ancestors was Dr. Priestley. Also that Belloc is the son of a French barrister and of Bessie Rayner Parkes. You cannot say that Belloc is wholly French except by personal choice; but still he is not English. Beside his friend Grosjean he seems Irish. I suspect him of being Irish. Anyhow, not English, and therefore for ever incomprehensible to Wells.

Before shutting up "Who's Who" turn for a moment to SHAW, George Bernard. He, you will observe, is the child of his own works. Not being a Frenchman like Chesterton, for whom the cult of *ma mère* is *de rigueur*, and not being able to boast of his father's fame as a cricketer, like Wells, he has modestly suppressed his parents—unconsciously; for he never noticed this piece of self-sufficiency before—and states simply that he was born in Dublin. Therefore, also eternally incomprehensible to Wells, but, on the other hand, proof against the wiles of Chesterton and Belloc. I cannot see through Chesterton: there is too much of him for anybody to see through; but he cannot impose on me as he imposes on Wells. Neither can Belloc.

Wells has written in this journal about Chesterton and Belloc without stopping to consider what Chesterton and Belloc is. This sounds like bad grammar; but

I know what I am about. Chesterton and Belloc is a conspiracy, and a most dangerous one at that. Not a viciously intended one: quite the contrary. It is a game of make-believe of the sort which all imaginative grown-up children love to play; and, as in all such games, the first point in it is that they shall pretend to be somebody else. Chesterton is to be a roaring jovial Englishman, not taking his pleasures sadly, but piling Falstaff on Magog, and Boythorn on John Bull. Belloc's fancy is much stranger. He is to be a Frenchman, but not a Walkley Frenchman, not any of the varieties of the stage Frenchman, but a French peasant, greedy, narrow, individualistic, ready to fight like a rat in a corner for his scrap of land, and, above all, intensely and superstitiously Roman Catholic. And the two together are to impose on the simple bourgeoisie of England as the Main Forces of European Civilisation.

Now at first sight it would seem that it does not lie with me to rebuke this sort of make-believe. The celebrated G.B.S. is about as real as a pantomime ostrich. But it is less alluring than the Chesterton-Belloc chimera, because as they have four legs to move the thing with, whereas I have only two, they can produce the quadrupedal illusion, which is the popular feature of your pantomime beast. Besides, I have played my game with a conscience. I have never pretended that G.B.S. was real: I have over and over again taken him to pieces before the audience to shew the trick of him. And even those who in spite of that cannot escape from the illusion, regard G.B.S. as a freak. The whole point of the creature is that he is unique, fantastic, unrepresentative, inimitable, impossible, undesirable on any large scale, utterly unlike anybody that ever existed before, hopelessly unnatural, and void of real passion. Clearly such a monster could do no harm, even were his example evil (which it never is).

But the Chesterbelloc is put forward in quite a different way: the Yellow Press way. The Chesterbelloc denounces the Yellow Press, but only because it dislikes yellow and prefers flaming red. The characteristic vice of the Yellow Journalist is that he never says he wants a thing (usually bigger dividends) or that his employer wants it. He always says that the Empire needs it, or that Englishmen are determined to have it, and that those who object to it are public enemies, Jews, Germans, rebels, traitors, Pro-Boers, and what not. Further, he draws an imaginative picture of a person whose honour and national character consist in getting what the Yellow Journalist is after, and says to the poor foolish reader: "That is yourself, my brave fellow-countryman." Now this is precisely what the Chesterbelloc does in its bigger, more imaginative, less sordid way. Chesterton never says, "I, a hybrid Superman, and Grand Transmogrificator of Ideas, desire this, believe that, deny the other." He always says that the English people desires it; that the dumb democracy which has never yet spoken (save through the mouth of the Chesterbelloc) believes it; or that the principles of Liberalism and of the French Revolution repudiate it. Read his poem in the "Neolith" on the dumb democracy of England: it would be a great poem if it were not such fearful nonsense. Belloc is still more audacious. According to him, the Chesterbelloc is European democracy, is the Catholic Church, is the Life Force, is the very voice of the clay of which Adam was made, and which the Catholic peasant labours. To set yourself against the Chesterbelloc is not merely to be unpatriotic, like setting yourself against the "Daily Mail" or "Express": it is to set yourself against all the forces, active and latent (especially latent) of humanity. Wells and I, contemplating the Chesterbelloc, recognise at once a very amusing pantomime elephant, the front legs being that very exceptional and un-English individual Hilaire Belloc, and the hind legs that extravagant freak of French nature, G. K. Chesterton. To which they both reply "Not at all: what you see is the Zeitgeist." To which we reply bluntly, but conclusively, "Gammon!"

But a pantomime animal with two men in it is a mistake when the two are not very carefully paired.

It has never been so successful as the Blondin Donkey, which is worked by one Brother Griffith only, not by the two. Chesterton and Belloc are so unlike that they get frightfully into one another's way. Their vocation as philosophers requires the most complete detachment: their business as the legs of the Chesterbelloc demands the most complete synchronism. They are unlike in everything except the specific literary genius and delight in play-acting that is common to them, and that threw them into one another's arms. Belloc, like most anti-Socialists, is intensely gregarious. He cannot bear isolation or final ethical responsibility: he clings to the Roman Catholic Church: he clung to his French nationality because one nation was not enough for him: he went into the French Army because it gave him a regiment, a company, even a gun to cling to: he was not happy until he got into Parliament; and now his one dread is that he will not get into heaven. He likes to keep his property in his own hand, and his soul in a safe bank. Chesterton has nothing of this in him at all: neither society nor authority nor property nor status are necessary to his happiness: he has never belonged to anything but that anarchic refuge of the art-struck, the Slade School. Belloc, like all men who feel the need of authority, is a bit of a rowdy. He has passed through the Oxford rowdyism of Magdalen and the military rowdyism of the gunner; and he now has the super-rowdyism of the literary genius who has lived adventurously in the world and not in the Savile Club. A proletariat of Bellocs would fight: possibly on the wrong side, like the peasants of La Vendée; but the Government they set up would have to respect them, though it would also have to govern them by martial law. Now Chesterton might be trusted anywhere without a policeman. He might knock at a door and run away—perhaps even lie down across the threshold to trip up the emergent householder; but his crimes would be hyperbolic crimes of imagination and humour, not of malice. He is friendly, easy-going, unaffected, gentle, magnanimous, and genuinely democratic. He can make sacrifices easily: Belloc cannot. The consequence is that in order to co-ordinate the movements of the Chesterbelloc, Chesterton has to make all the intellectual sacrifices that are demanded by Belloc in his dread of going to hell or of having to face, like Peer Gynt, the horrible possibility of becoming extinct. For Belloc's sake Chesterton says he believes literally in the Bible story of the Resurrection. For Belloc's sake he says he is not a Socialist. On a recent occasion I tried to drive him to swallow the Miracle of St. Januarius for Belloc's sake; but at that he struck. He pleaded his belief in the Resurrection story. He pointed out very justly that I believe in lots of things just as miraculous as the Miracle of St. Januarius; but when I remorselessly pressed the fact that he did not believe that the blood of St. Januarius reliques miraculously every year, the Credo stuck in his throat like Amen in Macbeth's. He had got down at last to his irreducible minimum of dogmatic incredulity, and could not, even with the mouth of the bottomless pit yawning before Belloc, utter the saving lie. But it is an old saying that when one turns to Rome one does not begin with the miracle of St. Januarius. That comes afterwards. For my part I think that a man who is not a sufficiently good Catholic to be proof against the follies and romancings of Roman Churches, Greek Churches, English Churches, and all such local prayer-wheel-installations, is no Catholic at all. I think a man who is not Christian enough to feel that conjuror's miracles are, on the part of a god, just what cheating at cards is on the part of a man, and that the whole value of the Incarnation nowadays to men of Chesterton's calibre depends on whether, when the Word became Flesh, it played the game instead of cheating, is not a Christian at all. To me no man believes in the Resurrection until he can say: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and rejoice in and act on that very simple and obvious fact. Without that, belief in the gospel story is like belief in the story of Jack the Giantkiller, which, by the way, has the advantage of not being three different and incompatible stories. I should say, too, that a man who is not Individualist and Liberal enough to be a staunch

Protestant, is not an Individualist nor a Liberal at all. That is, in the Chestertonian sense of the words. There is a sense in which you can be a Catholic and burn Jews and Atheists. There is a sense in which you can be a Christian and flog your fellow-creatures or imprison them for twenty years. There is a sense in which you can be a Protestant and have a confessor. But not on the Chestertonian plane. Chestertonesse oblige.

Chesterton and Belloc are not the same sort of Christian, not the same sort of Pagan, not the same sort of Liberal, not the same sort of anything intellectual. And that is why the Chesterbelloc is an unnatural beast which must be torn asunder to release the two men who are trying to keep step inside its basket-work. Wells's challenge to Chesterton is finally irresistible: he must plank down his Utopia against ours. And it must be an intellectually honest and intellectually possible one, and not a great game played by a herd of Chesterbellocs. Nor must it be an orgy of uproarious drunkards—a perpetual carouse of Shakespeares and Ben Jonsons at The Mermaid. This may seem rather an uncivil condition to lay down; but it is necessary, for reasons which I will now proceed to state.

It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that people disapprove of Socialism because they are not convinced by its economic or political arguments. The anti-Socialists all have a secret dread that Socialism will interfere with their darling vices. The lazy man fears that it will make him work. The industrious man fears that it will impose compulsory football or cricket on him. The libertine fears that it will make women less purchaseable; the drunkard, that it will close the public-houses; the miser, that it will abolish money; the sensation lover, that there will be no more crimes, no more executions, no more famines, perhaps even no more fires. Beneath all the clamour against Socialism as likely to lower the standard of conduct lies the dread that it will really screw it up.

Now, Chesterton and Belloc have their failings like other men. They share one failing—almost the only specific trait they have in common except their literary talent. That failing is, I grieve to say, addiction to the pleasures of the table. Vegetarianism and teetotalism are abhorrent to them, as they are to most Frenchmen. The only thing in Wells's earnest and weighty appeal to Chesterton that moved him was an incidental disparagement of the custom of standing drinks and of the theory that the battle of Waterloo was won at the public-house counter.

Now it will be admitted, I think, by all candid Socialists, that the Socialist ideal, as usually presented in Socialist Utopias, is deficient in turkey and sausages. Morris insists on wine and tobacco in "News from Nowhere"; but nobody in that story has what a vestryman would call a good blow-out. Morris rather insists on slenderness of figure, perhaps for the sake of Burne-Jones (who was *his* Belloc). As to Wells, his Utopia is dismally starved. There is not even a round of buttered toast in it. The impression produced is that everybody is dieted, and that not a soul in the place can hope for a short life and a merry one. What this must mean to Chesterton no words of mine can express. Belloc would rather die than face it.

I once met a lady who had a beautiful ideal. Even as Tintoretto chalked up on the wall of his studio "The colour of Titian, and the design of Michael Angelo," this lady wrote on the fly-leaf of her private diary, "The intellect of Chesterton, and the figure of Bernard Shaw." I think her bias was rather towards Chesterton, because she concluded, rather superficially, that it is easier to change a man's body than his mind; so instead of sending to me a file of the "Daily News" and a complete set of Chesterton's books to Chestertonise me, she sent to Chesterton—anonymously, and with elaborate precautions against identification—a little book entitled, if I recollect aright, "Checkley's Exercises." Checkley's idea was that if you went through his exercises, your maximum circumference would occur round your chest, and taper down from that to your toes in a Grecian slenderness of flank. I glanced through Checkley and saw that the enterprise was hope-

less. His exercises were to be performed without apparatus; and they mostly consisted in getting into attitudes which only a hydraulic press could get Chesterton into, and which no power on earth or in heaven could ever get him out of again. But I, the vegetarian, can do them on my head.

And now I will tear the veil from Chesterton's inmost secret. Chesterton knows about me. I am the living demonstration of the fact that Chesterton's work can be done on a teetotal and vegetarian diet. To Chesterton Socialism means his being dragged before a committee of public health and put on rations from which flesh and alcohol are strictly eliminated. It means compulsory Checkley until his waist will pass easily through a hoop for which his chest has served as a mandril. He sees that all his pleas and entreaties will be shattered on Me. When he says, "Look at Charles James Fox: he was the English exponent of the principles of the French Revolution; and he ate and drank more than I do—quite disgracefully, in fact," they will say, "Yes; but look at Bernard Shaw." When he pleads that a man cannot be brilliant, cannot be paradoxical, cannot shed imagination and humour prodigally over the pages of democratic papers on ginger beer and macaroni, he will get the same inexorable reply "Look at Bernard Shaw: he does not drink even tea or coffee: his austerity shames the very saints themselves; and yet who more brilliant? who more paradoxical? who more delightful as a journalist? And has not he himself assured us that the enormous superiority shown by him in doing everything that you do and writing epoch-making plays to boot, is due solely to the superiority of his diet. So cease your feeble evasions; and proceed to go through Checkley's first exercise at once."

Whoever has studied Chesterton's articles attentively for a few years past will have noticed that though they profess to deal with religion, politics, and literature, they all really come at last to a plea for excess and outrageousness, especially in eating and drinking, and a heartfelt protest against Shavianism, tempered by a terrified admiration of it. Therefore I will now save Chesterton's soul by a confession.

True excess does not make a man fat: it wastes him. Falstaff was not an overworked man: he was an underworked one. If ever there was a man wasted by excess, I am that man. The Chesterbelloc, ministered to by waiters and drinking wretched narcotics out of bottles, does not know what a real stimulant is. What does it know of *my* temptations, *my* backslidings, *my* orgies? How can it, timidly munching beefsteaks and apple tart, conceive the spirit-struggles of a young man who knew that Bach is good for his soul, and yet turned to Beethoven, and from him fell to Berlioz and Liszt from mere love of excitement, luxury, savagery, and drunkenness? Has Chesterton ever spent his last half-crown on an opera by Meyerbeer or Verdi, and sat down at a crazy pianet to roar it and thrash it through with an execution of a dray-horse and a scanty octave and a half of mongrel baritone voice? Has he ever lodged underneath a debauchee who was diabolically possessed with the finale of the Seventh Symphony or the Walkürenritt whilst decent citizens were quietly drinking themselves to sleep with whiskey—and diluted whiskey at that?

Far from being an abstinent man, I am the worst drunkard of a rather exceptionally drunken family; for they were content with alcohol, whereas I want something so much stronger that I would as soon drink paraffin oil as brandy. Cowards drink alcohol to quiet their craving for real stimulants: I avoid it to keep my palate keen for them. And I am a pitiable example of something much worse than the drink craze: to wit, the work craze. Do not forget Herbert Spencer's autobiography, with its cry of warning against work. I get miserably unhappy if my work is cut off. I get hideous headaches after each month's bout: I make resolutions to break myself of it, never to work after lunch, to do only two hours a day; but in vain: every day brings its opportunity and its temptation: the craving masters me every time; and I dread a holiday as I dread nothing else on earth. Let Chesterton take

heart, then: it is he who is the ascetic and I the voluptuary. Socialism is far more likely to force me to eat meat and drink alcohol than to force him to take overdoses of Wagner and Strauss and write plays in his spare time. Let him, I say, throw off this craven obsession with my fancied austerity, and instead of declaring that he is not a Socialist when he clearly does not yet know what he is, accept Wells's challenge, and make up his mind as to how he really wants the world to be arranged under the existing conditions of human nature and physical geography.

Wells, like Sidney Webb and myself, is a bit of that totally imaginary Old Victorian England which Chesterton invented in his essay on G. F. Watts. He is intellectually honest. He does not pretend to be the English people, or Democracy, or the indigenous peasant European, or "the folk," or Catholicism, or the Press, or the French Revolution, or any of the other quick changes of the Chesterbelloc. His song is

My name's *not* John Wellington Wells:
And I *don't* deal in magic and spells

He keeps the facts as to WELLS, Herbert Geo. and his difficulties and limitations, and the worse limitations of his much less clever neighbours, honestly and resolutely before you. With wit enough, imagination enough, and humour enough to play with the questions raised by the condition of England quite as amusingly as the Chesterbelloc, he works at it instead, and does what he can to hew out and hammer together some planks of a platform on which a common unlitary man may stand. I also, with a stupendous endowment for folly, have put my cards on the table—even some that are unfit for publication. Webb is far too full of solid administrative proposals to have any time or patience for literary games: when he gets taken that way he puts his witticisms into my printers' proofs, and leaves me to bear the discredit of them and to be told that I should be more serious, like Webb. But, on the whole, we have all three dealt faithfully with the common man.

And now, what has the Chesterbelloc (or either of its two pairs of legs) to say in its defence? But it is from the hind legs that I particularly want to hear; because South Salford will very soon cure Hilaire Forelegs of his fancy for the ideals of the Catholic peasant proprietor. He is up against his problems in Parliament: it is in Battersea Park that a great force is in danger of being wasted.

MANHOOD.

Man is my name, and my spirit is free:
Mine are the laws, and, behold, I am free of them;
Garments are they that I doff or I don,
Mine for my service or else I have done with them.

Are they my body? Are they my breath?
Are they my purpose, that now they should hinder me?
I am the maker and master of laws,
Man is my name, and my spirit is Liberty.

Gods I behold in my passionate dreams,
Gods I created aspiring to deity—
Let you go by or let you abide,
Man is my name and the ages go over me.

Past that is gone, Future to be,
Present of mine that transcends and embraces them,
Here in this flesh is the wonder divine,
Here in my body the spring of eternity.

I am come up out of fear and desire,
Quick in my nostrils the breath of the fellowship,
Out from mine eyes leap the forms that endure,
Throbs in my pulses the music that marshals them.

For I was meek, for I was mild,
For I was penitent, humble, and patient;
Therefore my heart is the heart of the Lord,
And I accomplish the joy of creation.

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

Drum-Taps.

A FUSILLADE awakened me. From my window I could see in the moonlight, fat, stumpy Pedro banging, banging his drum with the full power of his muscular arms. The cook rushed towards me, and fell into hysterics at my feet. "Save me, Señor—save me from those infidels. The vile rebels are entering the town. They will destroy us. God and the Holy Virgin protect me!"

It was some minutes before I could assuage her, nor did I ever discover why she feared the insurgent troops. Robbery it could not be, nor was Annuncia of those women who remain beautiful even when past sixty. I could soon assure her that the fusillade proceeded from the detonation of fireworks. Pedro was summoning the musicians, who rose with no alacrity from their beds. Soon we could make out the Maestro Roja with his fiddle, Joaquin, Aristides, Cæsar, with their mandolins and violins.

"It is not the entry of the rebels—it is a victory for the Government troops that is to be celebrated. See, Annuncia, the doors of the Prefecture are opening."

The garrison soon fills the Plaza. The Prefect is on the balcony, accompanied by his secretary holding a lamp, and armed with papers. It is a special occasion; the fireworks stayed whilst Don Ramon read in sonorous tones heard by me across the Plaza: "To the Civil and Military Authorities.—I have to inform you that in the battle of Florida, the atheistic, impious, and rebellious set of highwaymen calling themselves the Liberal Party has been completely overthrown. Our glorious soldiers, inspired by their faith in the Holy Catholic religion and their allegiance to the present Government, than which none more just, honourable, or benevolent has ever existed in this great and free Republic; these soldiers, led by the invincible General Mejia, one of the greatest captains of this or any other age, have captured over thirty officers, including that vain-boasting, self-styled General Torredrajo. The enemy has left its thousands on the field of battle; we have taken all the artillery, ammunition, and more than seventeen rifles, swords, daggers, and other weapons which these wretches did not scruple to use in their barbarous warfare. The country is saved, and peace will soon be established.

"Communicate this to the Prefects and Alcaldes of your Department.

"VELIANO, President."

"Authentic.—JOSE MARIA RUIZ."

Every word was read and then followed salvo after salvo of fireworks. The musicians struck up "La Marseillaise." The Prefect, accompanied by the musicians, walked to the corner of the square. The telegram was again proclaimed; fireworks, music, and a fusillade from the soldiers; another corner, etc.—there are eight corners in our square. Then we might sleep again, I thought. It was past two, the enemy was vanquished, peace was to follow, Annuncia was restored to her wonted equanimity, no Liberals could attack our stronghold. Certainly we might retire.

At daybreak we were still rejoicing. Guarded by two soldiers, a barrel of aguadiente was placed in the otherwise parched fountain of the Plaza. Who would could here take his liquor free. The troops, two deep, still lined the square, nor did it concern anyone that ball cartridge had been served out. The war over, a Conservative life was at no great premium; a bullet would have fittingly rewarded any Liberal who dared walk abroad on our day of universal rejoicing. A throng of well-mounted young horsemen careered the

streets, drawing up with a clatter at the stair of the Prefecture, or dashing at full speed through the narrow gateway of the Estanco, where drinks were freely circulating.

Amidst such excitement I did not wonder at finding closed the door of the little tienda at the corner. A "friend's" rapping brought me admission. How unchanged it all was since my first entry many, many years ago. The eleven bottles of castor oil I remembered to have then counted. Who had spoiled the symmetry of the display I never learned. The same blocks of dulce de guava in the same batea, the same bundles of cigars, and the same platter of comestruja. Shelves indeed in plenty; a decoration of Agua de Florida, without which no store was complete, a beautiful maiden who eternally combed her golden hair with a golden comb. Angels and Cupids quaffing joyously Emulsion de Scott. A calendar some ten years old was a very special decoration.

Jesueita, seated in the court, was rolling cigars; I think she was never otherwise occupied. Save myself, I knew none bold enough to smoke them. Truly the little lady did not over-value her labours; the long, rakish weeds were sold at six for a quartillo, 1s. 2d. per hundred. Clementina was busy with her broom of ruda brava, useful for killing live fleas and sweeping away the encumbering dead. I took my usual seat on the bench. Our conversation confined itself to indifferent topics. Ah! the white violets were now in blossom, I must have a buttonhole, a sprig of that lovely miniature rose must be taken for potting. Did I know meat was to be higher next week? Only three oxen were killed last market day. The talk was getting hotter, but it again drifted away—to the illness of Don Teodoro and then to doctor's gossip. I took up my hat as another volley of rifle shots greeted my ears. Jesueita laughed. "What folly to waste their cartridges; they would be so useful to us!" I reseated myself—we were on the verge of the subject—remarking that cartridges would not be required for some time; peace was to be proclaimed.

"And you believe that nonsense?"

"Why not?" I cross-questioned. "Of course, the Government has gained a great victory at—"—Jesueita betrayed impatience—"well, the Prefect awakened me at past midnight to give me the news."

"Do you know the real truth of that telegram? We are advancing on the capital; a sergeant's outpost fell back for good purpose. The Governor here is commanded to dispatch forthwith 10,000 men to the North. The Liberals are again to be imprisoned."

"Then the war is not over?"

"Well, you have heard that tale before, I think. How can it end whilst one Uribist has a head to plan or an arm to lift against these monsters!"

"But these monsters," I protested for the sixth time, "the monsters are yourselves; they are of your blood, fed by the same country, reared in the same traditions."

"The same traditions; my friend, consider! Was not my grandfather the first to oppose El Liberador himself when he grew despotic, when about to surrender the country to a profligate and accursed priesthood? It is in my blood to oppose tyranny everywhere—at all times and under all circumstances; I care not whether it is my people—my father, my mother, or my son would be sacrificed for this holy cause!"

I stepped into the street. Poor Jesueita! She fed her soul and starved her body with these blessed words—Tyranny and Liberty, Priests, Despots, Slaves and Freemen. Argument was useless. Moreover, she was right throughout. The history of her country had

This Cocoa will warm you.
Rowntree's Elect Cocoa

proved it. The country suffered much by reason of its degraded priests; wide ideals alone could save the nation. Here revolution was at once the most effective and least dangerous manner of influencing public opinion. We knew it, we who disliked fine words, disliked enthusiasm, disliked losing causes.

M. D. EDER.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Advice to Housing Reformers.

This book, by the Chairman of the National Housing Reform Council, is written as a supplementary volume to the "Housing Handbook" (published in 1903) in order to bring the subject up to date. As such, like its predecessor, it is intended as a book of reference for the social reformer, and as such it undoubtedly fulfils an invaluable function. It is gratifying to read as a result of public activity in respect to Housing Reform that overcrowding has decreased; a smaller number of persons are found in one room dwellings; the number of persons per house is slowly but surely growing less; while most of the most deadly of the old slums have been cleared or improved. The Englishman is very much impressed by realised facts, and the results of housing reform activity are in some respects so satisfactory that there is room to hope that in the course of a generation or so the worst evils of slumdom may be a thing of the past. Whether that will be so or not must depend largely upon our success in dealing with other aspects of the social problem. Sweating and industrial insecurity are often quite as much the cause of slumdom as bad housing accommodation. It can only be, therefore, by tackling these more elusive problems with an equal determination that a complete solution of the housing problem will be possible. And when these are resolutely tackled, sooner or later the reformer is committed to the Socialist line of action.

Respecting the illustrations in the book, it is depressing to contemplate the very low standard, or more strictly speaking, the general absence of any standard of taste and design, of our reformed housing schemes. It is to be observed that only those have any claim to architectural decency at all which are private and not municipal schemes. With the exception of the High Wincobank Cottage Dwellings at Sheffield, which are passable, all the municipal cottages and model dwellings illustrated are simply vile in design. This is a somewhat painful reflection at a time when so much of the best architectural talent of the day is walking the streets in search of work, and does much to dampen our enthusiasm for housing reform. Surely it is a very narrow conception of social reform which is satisfied by merely substituting sanitary for insanitary ugliness. It is all very well to talk of moving slowly, and the expediency of doing one thing at a time; unfortunately, however, in this question of building, if we do not take the trouble to make buildings beautiful at first it is impossible to do it afterwards. It is done once and for ever, and in spite of the fine words of reformers who like to talk about reforming man by reforming his environment, it is questionable if the sanitary ugliness which reformers are satisfied with to-day is going to have this effect. The worst of it is, there is no excuse for such action. It costs no more to build cottages beautifully than to build them ugly provided they are built substantially. Unfortunately, however, the idea of making things beautiful has so long been associated in the public mind with the idea of adding something to what otherwise it is supposed would be ugly, and people are so incapable of understanding that beauty is organic with things that it is difficult to get men to take a reasonable view of these matters. In consequence, public bodies, with their minds suspicious of things beautiful, have accustomed themselves to indulge in orgies of utilitarianism, as at the Hammer-smith Workhouse. Without doubt sufficient money is spent upon such buildings to make them extremely beautiful. But woe to the architect who dared to make

such buildings beautiful. He would be accused of extravagance and "impracticability." On the other hand, if he followed the prevailing custom of making such buildings ugly, no questions are likely to be asked. The British public never mind how much money they spend provided the result is ugly.

I must not be supposed to be exaggerating when I make these statements. This extraordinary phenomenon is well known to architects and others who know what goes on behind the scenes. It is an unpleasant symptom of the democratisation of power which has placed authority into the hands of men who have been unaccustomed to large affairs. A man who has been brought up to shopkeeping, for instance, is apt to assume that because a Morris chintz is more expensive than one from Lancashire, a beautiful building is necessarily more expensive than an ugly one. But it does not follow, and for this reason. The difference of cost between a Morris and Lancashire chintz is due to the fact that one is produced in large quantities, while the other is not; whereas as buildings are always produced singly, no such saving can be effected in this way. The shopkeeper, however, does not know this. His only basis of comparison is with what the speculating builder can do, and here the difference of cost is one between jerry and sound, and not between artistic and inartistic work. Hence his suspicion, and the extraordinary results it begets.

The immediate cause of the ugliness of these municipal housing schemes is the custom which municipalities adopt of placing their designing in the hands of their borough surveyor. This is really very stupid, because surveyors have really no training to qualify them for such work. Of course, what really happens is this: The surveyor is allowed an architectural assistant to help him. The kind of architectural assistant, however, who recommends himself to a surveyor is, generally speaking, what is called a "practical" man. Divested of its glamour, the so-called practical architect is really an architect somewhat devoid of imagination or of any other quality which would entitle him to call himself an architect. Hence it happens that public bodies in England, in their suspicion of things beautiful, have become the patrons of all the blighters in the profession, while competent men may apply in vain for such positions. As might be expected, such an arrangement does not produce altogether satisfactory results, even in a practical way. But the public, in their stupidity, are incapable of learning the lesson. They only wonder, considering what a mess these "practical" men make of things, what would have happened if they had placed themselves in the hands of the more artistic members of the profession, and congratulate themselves on having had the common sense to steer clear of that pitfall. Meanwhile professional humbugs thrive and prosper. What alternative have men who are thus exalted out of their natural station but to hide their deficiencies behind a "manner" which puts questioners at a distance?

In conclusion, I should like to offer a little practical advice (if I may use that misused word in its original sense) of how this evil may be remedied. And in this connection the first point I would make is to insist upon the necessity of employing architects direct, and



protects against
Influenza.

* "Housing Up-to-Date." By W. Thompson. (National Housing Reform Council. 432, West Strand, W.C.)

not allowing them to work under or be appointed by borough surveyors. This will secure the architect liberty and a certain degree of independence when appointed, but it does not solve the difficulty which public bodies experience, even with the best intentions of getting hold of the right men. As a way out of this difficulty, I would suggest that municipalities, instead of advertising positions, should apply to the Royal Institute of British Architects and ask them to nominate architects or assistants for them in the same way as to-day they apply to that body to nominate assessors for public architecture competitions. This arrangement has proved very satisfactory in competitive work, and I think it would prove to have the desired effect of raising the standard of design in our housing schemes. There are plenty of young men about capable of doing such work, who would be only too pleased to accept such positions could they get hold of them. If the nomination came from the Royal Institute it would be a guarantee to such men that they would be treated properly, and a better class of man would apply. If the National Housing Reform Council would take energetic action in this matter, they would earn the gratitude of all interested in architecture and remove for ever the stigma of vulgarity which all through the nineteenth century has been associated with the work of reform.

AN ARCHITECT.

REVIEWS.

Studies in Poetry. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Duckworth and Co. 6s. net.)

To the majority of us who care about literature, there comes a time when we cease to read poetry. We can imagine many a literary student starting up indignantly to deny this statement. "What!" one can hear them saying, "cease to care about Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning! The names will always retain their magic for all who care for the story of words; they will ever be inspiring memories—." Yes: wait a moment, gentle student—that is just our point. "They will ever be inspiring memories." We read the poets in our youth—they charmed us, held our imaginations captive—inspired our ideals. But when we became men and women we put away—poetical things. Let us be frank with each other on this subject. Is it not a fact that a time comes in our intellectual experience when prose writers—we use the arbitrary distinction for the sake of convenience—claimed our attention more and more? The wider range of subject-matter, the necessarily less conventional treatment, the deeper intellectual appeal, and, on the whole, the more satisfying imaginative appeal (taking imagination in a large sense, not as a mere synonym for fancy), of prose literature, took us more and more away from the realm of poetic art. The moment a man begins to care for Browning and to look affectionately on Whitman, that moment dates the beginning of his allegiance to prose literature. Browning and Whitman are convenient half way houses.

It would be untrue to say we do not care for the poets—but we do not read them. The two things are quite compatible. And yet there are a few who have never faltered in allegiance to the poets; men of wide culture, such as Mr. Stopford Brooke—and it is at once a pleasant and curious experience to be in their company, and to linger once again in the enchanted gardens of poesy.

It has always been refreshing to turn from the academic critic to critics of Mr. Brooke's calibre. There is far too much literary laboratory work nowadays. Mr. Brooke does not dissect—he does not carve up the dead bodies of the bards to illustrate some scientific theory. He treats them as living entities—and writes about them with affection and enthusiasm. No finer introduction to English literature has been written than his famous little primer: our generation has never had a more vital and intimate study of Tennyson's work than Mr. Brooke has given us. And if his Shakespearian studies and his monograph on Browning have proved less satisfying, this is because the analytical faculty is required more

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE FABIAN SOCIETY,

WILL HOLD A

PUBLIC MEETING AT QUEEN'S HALL,
(Sole Lessees, CHAPPELL & Co., LTD.)

on March 24th, 1908.

G. BERNARD SHAW

WILL SPEAK ON

"SOCIALISM."

Chair will be taken by SIDNEY WEBB, L.C.C., at 8.30 p.m.

Tickets to be obtained of the Sec., Fabian Society, 3, Clements Inn, Strand. Prices:—Sofa Stalls, 8/- and 2/6; Grand Circle, 5/-, 2/6, and 1/-; Area Stalls, 1/- Orchestra, 1/- (All numbered and Reserved). Balcony 6d.
NOTE.—Members of the Fabian Society ordering tickets before February 24th will be supplied with 5/- tickets at 4/- and 2/6 tickets at 2/-.

SOUTH LONDON L.L.P. COUNCIL,
SURREY THEATRE, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, S.E.
SUNDAY, 16th FEBRUARY, 1908.

BAND OF MUSICIANS' UNION, 7 to 8 p.m.

WILL CROOKS, M.P., L.C.C.,

At 8 p.m.

"FEEDING THE CHILDREN."

ADMISSION FREE. SEATS: Gallery, 2d.;
Upper Circle, 4d.; Pit, 6d.; Grand Circle, 1s.; Boxes, 2s.

"THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SOCIALISM."

The fourth and concluding Lecture on the above subject will be delivered by J. A. HOBSON, M.A., at South Place Institute, Finsbury, E.C., on TUESDAY EVENING, 18th FEBRUARY, at 7.30. The special subject will be

"Society as Moral Organism."

ADMISSION: 1s., 6d., and 3d.

J. HALLAM, Hon. Sec., 18, St. Mark's Crescent, N.W.

Just Issued. NEW EDITION. REVISED AND MUCH ENLARGED
Crown 8vo, 64 pp.; wrappers, 6d. net, by post 7d. Paper Boards, 1s. net,
by post, 1s. 1d.

MAN: THE PRODIGY AND FREAK OF NATURE;

or, An Animal Run to Brail.

By KERIDON.

"Well worth reading by all who are interested in mental evolution."—*Westminster Review*. "Its lesson learnt, how rapid might man's advance become!"—*Literary World*. "A very interesting suggestion, and 'Keridon' works out some corollaries of it with clearness and cogency; it is worth weighing thoroughly."—*Morning Leader*. "'Keridon' has written a highly-interesting little book."—*The New Age*.

THE SAMURAI PRESS, CRANLEIGH, SURREY.

BOOKS BOUGHT, SOLD & EXCHANGED

BEST PRICES given for good books.

OBTAINABLE NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME
AT A POSSIBLE PRICE.

THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM.

By Oscar Wilde.

Cloth gilt, post free, 3s. 8d.

The most brilliant and beautiful exposition of Socialism ever penned.

Other books by the same author always in stock.

G. GANNON (Successor, D. J. RIDER),

36, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road.

BOOKS

SECOND-HAND BOOKS AT HALF PRICES!!

NEW BOOKS AT 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

Books on all Subjects and for all Examinations
(Elementary and Advanced) supplied.

STATE WANTS. SEND FOR LISTS. BOOKS SENT ON APPROVAL.
BOOKS BOUGHT. GOOD PRICES GIVEN

W. & G. FOYLE, 135 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

HENDERSONS,

66, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.,

ALSO AT 15A, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.,

FOR REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE,

Socialist, Labour, Rationalist, and all advanced
thought books and periodicals.

Publishing Office of "THE DEADLY PARALLEL." One Penny

fully here than even fine artistic feeling. And although Mr. Brooke can analyse, he does not like the work, and is in a hurry always to pass on to some note of appreciation.

The present volume does not contain Mr. Brooke's best work; several of the papers—those on Shelley for instance—were written, apparently, many years ago, and the spirited attack on Matthew Arnold's dictum has lost much of its point to-day. The volume before us contains six studies: three being devoted to Shelley, the remainder to William Blake, Sir Walter Scott, and Keats. The Shelley essays are somewhat disappointing—they are over-discursive and lack perspective. The study of Keats is good and true enough—so far as it goes. In our opinion it does not go far enough. It is too much of a merely *literary* study. And the literary merits and demerits of Keats have been written about so often. Mr. Brooke's Tennyson was not merely a literary study: it was a study of temperament and of outlook upon life—and it is disappointing to find so little of this in the Keats essay. The essay on Blake is perhaps the best in the volume. The treatment is fresher, and in dealing with the lyric expression of Blake's genius Mr. Brooke is excellent. There are good things also in the study of Scott, but too much is made, we think, of Scott's want of sympathy with what is called "The Revolutionary Movement." Mr. Brooke cannot forgive Scott his Toryism. On the whole, however, a pleasant and suggestive volume—though less fresh and suggestive than most of Mr. Brooke's work.

British Colonial Policy. 1754-1765. By G. L. Beer. (The Macmillan Co.)

The title of this essay will probably strike most readers as demonstrating a very fertile imagination on the part of the author. Aware that in our own time there has never been anything approaching a Colonial policy, that is, a consistent effort to determine on general lines the essential interaction between Britain and the dominions beyond the seas, we feel it almost paradoxical to assume that the mother country made such an effort prior to the American Revolution. However, no alarm need be occasioned; we have not fallen from grace. Political leaders, occasionally dignified by the name of statesmen, were just as wobbly, quite as disinclined to do a little thinking and come to some definite conclusion as the Parliamentarians of to-day. Opportunism then, as now, meant sheer lethargy; not only must the manna be rained down from heaven, but it must be poured direct into the stomach, where the subsequent proceedings need no control by the will.

In the year 1754, chosen as the point of departure, a Congress assembled at Albany, carried a motion that a union of all the American colonies was absolutely necessary for their security and defence. A state of anarchy somewhat similar to that now existing in the United States had made Franklin and others heartily weary. Some of the legislative assemblies were at loggerheads with their councils and governors, "and the several branches of the Government were not on terms of doing business with each other"; all the colonies (the modern States) were quarrelling with one another—they could not even unite in opposition to Britain. But the plan remained a plan. "With the same unanimity with which their representatives had adopted the plan, the colonial assemblies either rejected or failed to ratify it. Chiefly because they were convinced that if they did nothing Great Britain would have to assume the task of defending them and pay for it."

On the declaration of war with France in 1756 not only had the mother country to protect the colonies, but she had to prevent these from supplying the French with provisions, money, and warlike stores. The puritan settlers did an enormous trade in cheap molasses "which, when converted into rum, was a most important factor in the fisheries, in the slave trade, and in the fur trade with the Indians." Illicit traffic assumed vast proportions. Graft was an early symptom of American governorship. Mr. Beer gives ample documentary evidence of the abuses: "In the continental colonies, this direct trade with the enemy was exten-

sively carried on. In many instances the colonial vessels were protected from seizure by commissions or other documents in the nature of passes issued by the Governors. All pretence of legitimacy was abandoned, and, as in the previous war, colonial merchants eagerly sought to obtain from the Governors these documents, under cover of which they could with safety to themselves carry on a lucrative trade with the enemy. The most scandalous conditions prevailed in Pennsylvania, where Governor Denny openly sold such passes." This forerunner of American Senators and Californian Mayors issued such numbers of these permits that he spoilt his own market. He had to "dispose of great numbers of blank flags of truce, at the low price of twenty pounds sterling or under, some of which were sold from hand to hand at advanced prices."

Britain had to employ her navy to check these abuses: "The use of the navy as part of the administrative machinery was disliked by the colonies." The colonies refusing to unite for defence, it was proposed in 1763 that the British Government keep an army of 10,000 men in America, and that the colonies be expected to contribute to its support. This led to the passing of the Sugar Bill of 1764. "It was the first statute distinctly taxing the colonies, and marked a radically new departure in colonial policy." This produced about £25,000 yearly, a quite insufficient sum, and thus Grenville was led to introduce the famous Stamp Act of 1765. The revenue arising therefrom was to be kept apart, and "was to be disposed of by Parliament for the defence of the colonies." The American (continental) annual contribution was expected to be £30,000 to £50,000.

The colonial opposition to these tariff reforms is well known. Mr. Beer is not inclined to over-estimate the economic grievance. He thinks there was a deeper significance. "The struggle on the side of the colonies was only superficially concerned with increased civil and political liberty; it was essentially a movement for national independence. This movement came into violent conflict with British Imperialism, whose aim was to increase the administrative efficiency of the Empire." We confess that we do not find much evidence of either movement except in occasional letters of able colonial subordinates to whom neither side paid much attention.

The book should be read to correct a child-acquired knowledge of the period, and by those who see a similar movement, not primarily economic, afield at this moment, which will probably destroy such civilisation as is distinctively late-British—a living interest for alien civilisations.

American Finance. By W. R. Lawson. (Blackwood. 1908.)

It is not easy to determine the class of readers for which this book is intended to cater. The subject matter is largely historical—the treatment polemical throughout. On the very first page there is a sneer at English economics, and there is much glorification of the United States throughout the volume. It is therefore somewhat surprising to find that the author is an Englishman, and that he writes of "our" Parliament, "our" banking system, etc. If the book is intended for American readers, it gives too many details; if for English readers—and it is published by an English firm—it assumes a knowledge of American history far above

LINEN LASTS LONGER,

and will keep much longer clean when soaked and washed in a foaming lather of HUDSON'S SOAP. HUDSON'S will not fray cuffs or jag collars. HUDSON'S always deals gently with the linen, but firmly with the dirt. A penny packet will prove this!

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

A 1d. packet makes 15 delicious light buns with certain success, Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

the average. The writer really knows his subject, but he has failed to produce a valuable book because he was in such a frantic hurry. There is no account of the existing banking system of the United States; no definition is given of either State or national banks; and not nearly enough stress is laid upon the impossibility of introducing our own highly centralised banking system into a comparatively loose federation like the United States. The curious phenomenon of an Exchequer which is its own banker is fairly described. It is also made clear that the concentration of the currency in the hands of banks is at the bottom of the succession of financial inflations and financial panics so characteristic of American history. Unhappily there is no connected account of the problems of note issue, and in consequence the influence of political campaigns on financial operations cannot be sufficiently appreciated. The best chapter in the book is that on transportation. The effect of railway enterprise on the development of production is admirably brought out, and the whole chapter may be usefully compared with the section on Railways in Lord Selborne's Memorandum on South African unification. The treatment of Trusts is simply puerile, and unworthy of a man of Mr. Lawson's capacity. Such phrases as "purse-proud ghouls" or "the two *bêtes noires* of the social menagerie" are scarcely happy, and the classical allusion in "the Treasury, the currency and the banks seemed bound together in the grip of a Laocoon" stands in urgent need of correction.

MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

WE turn naturally to the magazines for a fuller and more dispassionate account of the month's history than can be expected of the daily or weekly papers. On the whole, we are seldom disappointed. If, as often happens, some polemical article is printed hot from a partisan mind, its fury beats in vain against the solid rocks of the few cool comments. For example, we have Dr. Emil Reich tilting in epigrammatic jerks, ill-learned from Nietzsche, against France—it is always France—but what can he do in the atmosphere of the "Orient Review"? We particularly welcome this new magazine, whose "characteristic policy" it will be to let the "cultured Oriental speak for himself." That few Western writers are able to speak for him is natural enough, and that is all the more reason that he should personally address the world. Dr. Reich cannot pass as an Oriental, but Sheykh Hasan, who writes on "The Reform Movement in Persia," is unmistakably out of the East.—A more general discussion of the agitated problem of race is contained in an admirable article by "Viator" in the "Fortnightly Review." Viator is inclined, we think, to over-value the late Charles Pearson's prophecies, remarkably as they have been fulfilled in some respects; but his suggestion to Mr. Morley and incidentally to all who are interested particularly in the British Indian immigration problem is worth considering. Since South Africa is determined to exclude Indians, why should not Mr. Morley inaugurate an Indian Colonial Empire by throwing open British East Africa and the Soudan to Indian immigration? Perhaps Mr. Churchill, who has been travelling in those parts, will stop talking nonsense about Socialism and reply to "Viator." Mr. Sydney Brooks continues the racial discussion under the title of "The Voyage of the American Fleet." The cruise of sixteen American ships of war in the Pacific at a cost of two millions sterling is obviously not a health cruise; and Mr. Brooks is probably right in associating the incident with the recent Japanese scare. If that is true, a good deal turns on the trip; and Mr. Brooks discusses very ably the possible implications. Strangely enough—if we may say so—neither Mr. Brooks nor "Viator" seems ever to have studied the Socialist views of the race problems. Yet we venture to say that both have a great deal to learn before their own views amount to philosophy. In the same magazine—"The Fortnightly" (of which we are glad to see a second edition has been called for) Mr. Robert Blatchford, of the "Clarion," replies to Dr. Crozier's challenge of the previous month to Socialism. It is not for us to say that Dr. Crozier is intellectually dead after Mr. Blatchford's reply; but we would not give much for the reversal of his surviving arguments. Elsewhere we deal with the article at greater length. Mr. Blatchford's article has the honour of standing almost alone among the magazines for Socialism. A singular unanimity of silence seems to have befallen our critics.—Of the Congo problem the best discussion of the month is contained in the "Contemporary Review." M. George Lorand, a Belgian Deputy, summarises for us "Belgian Opinion" on the Question. "The

Belgians," he says, "do not believe in the abuses pointed out by England. They are ignorant of them. How can they be expected to interest themselves keenly in their suppression? . . . The bulk of the Belgian Press systematically defends the views of the Congo State—that is to say, the views of the King. . . . The Belgians, to this day, know nothing, and refuse to know anything, about the ill-treatment of the natives on the Congo. For this reason the English Government seems to be a prey to a singular delusion when it expects that an annexation forced on Belgium will lead to the amelioration of the lot of the natives." M. Lorand suggests, in conclusion, that the issue will be fought in Belgium, not on the Congo question proper, but on the constitutional issue between King and Parliament.—That same issue has, we know, been fought in Portugal in tragic fashion, lending an added interest to the article in "The International" on "King and People in Portugal," by Angelo Vaz. Of all the interesting articles in the second number of this new magazine, Senor Vaz's is perhaps the most interesting. Morocco is the subject of an article in the "National Review" by M. Delafosse, of the French Chamber of Deputies. His indictment of German diplomacy may be patriotic, but what are we to say of the final sentence of his article: "Morocco will eventually become what nature has always intended that she should become—an extension of Algeria"—that is, French Algeria. Is nature a French chauvinist too?

Of the political articles we call special attention to "The Honour of Liberalism" in the "Westminster Review." The pseudonymous author, Stanhope of Chester, wields a flaying pen, and his victim is Lord Elgin. "The Isolation of Mr. Balfour" is the subject of an article by Robert White in the "Fortnightly." But we cannot agree that Mr. Balfour is isolated so long as the Imperial Liberals remain in office. His isolation is more apparent than real. "The

SMALL HOLDINGS.

The question of Small Holdings is at present largely before the public, and no reader of THE NEW AGE will doubt the benefits such Holdings will confer, and the importance of the subject.

Do you, however, realise the importance of Small Holdings as regards retaining your position in life? Such a small point as the presence of a good head of hair, however, often determines whether a man retains his berth, and a woman her circle of admirers.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY"

is every day becoming a more serious question, and a youthful appearance is essential, and therefore the question of a good head of hair is vital. You have only to look in the mirror to see just how much difference your hair makes to your appearance—judge how much older than you really are its absence makes you look.

As the result of many years Medical Training and Scientific Research,

I HAVE SUCCEEDED

in perfecting a system of Hair Culture, and a Hair Tonic that never fails, and although costing many times more to prepare than any other preparation on the Market, *It grows hair*, and is therefore the cheapest in the end. You realise the difference between different cheap and high class seeds. It is equally so with the ingredients of a Hair Grower.

A GOOD SEEDSMAN

guarantees the result of his seeds, I do the same with my Hair Tonic, and although 5s. 10d. for a month's supply is dear in comparison with many so-called Hair Tonics, you must remember that under my guarantee

YOU CAN'T LOSE A PENNY.

If after a month's trial you can write and tell me your hair is not improved, I will return the money paid in full, and in order that all readers of THE NEW AGE may test the truth of my statements, men and women, I will, until further notice, supply a first bottle of the Hair Tonic, my system of Hair Culture, and written guarantee, for 4s. 10d. only post free.

If you appreciate my offer, write to-day stating whether hair is dry or greasy; it may not appear again. The Kosmeo Company, 80, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W. [Advt.]

"Contemporary" leads off with a well-deserved rebuke of the vulgarity of the Tariff Reformers' Methods. Tariff Reform is undoubtedly too closely associated in England with the methods of Mr. Pearson and the "Daily Express"; and we should not be surprised to see the partners decline together. Mr. J. L. Garvin, in the "National Review," bravely makes light of Lord Cromer's unexpected defection from the Tariff Reformers' ranks; but the explanation he offers does not minimise the importance of the event; while the ex-Attorney-General's article on Ireland in the same "Review" is a positive outrage of temperate discussion. "The Truth about Ireland" is the significant title of this fanatical attack on Mr. Birrell.

We should have expected a bigger crop of discussions of the forthcoming Bills of the Government, more particularly as every member of the Cabinet advertised his wares during the recess. In none of the magazines is there a thorough-going discussion of the Unemployed Question, though if Socialism stands for anything, it is likely to be the question of the Session. Nor can we find much mention of the Old Age Pensions Bill. Is it the lull before the storm? Miss Edith Sellers writes on the question in the "Contemporary," and her article should be read. Her evidence disposes once and for all of the hope that aged inmates of workhouses will swarm out when they get their 5s. pension. Miss Sellers has discovered that their relatives would not have them at any price, let alone 5s. a week. The Education Question is discussed by the Bishop of Southwark and Sir George White, M.P., in the "Contemporary." Both writers set out with the intention of being judicial, conciliatory, and just to the point of mercy. But how incompatible the two positions are may be better seen in this way. Let us add that Sir George White assumes a great deal too much Nonconformity in his readers. We deny his claims even more emphatically than we deny the claim of the Bishop of Southwark. However, we are not arguing the subject,—only contradicting, as they say in Scotland. The "Optimist" has an article on the Licensing Bill by Mr. E. L. Hicks. Again we are disposed to contradict. Surely Local Option has been buried long ago as an exploded and exposed nostrum; and as for Prohibition no temperate person can tolerate the idea. Mr. Hicks does not tell us if he favours Government ownership as well as Government control; yet this is obviously the real ground of battle.—Sir Hartley Williams writes on "Anti-Sweating Legislation" in the "Westminster Review," and another of our own distinguished contributors, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, has a valuable article on the "Limits of Direct Taxation." "We are," he says, "at the present moment in modern England arrived at the limit of direct taxation; . . . for the large social experiments of the future direct taxation will prove completely inadequate." We trust that in a future Cabinet Mr. Belloc will decline the office of Chancellor.

Another new magazine has made its appearance. "The Sociological Review" (Sherratt and Hughes, 2s. 6d. quarterly) is the descendant of the Sociological Papers formerly printed in handsome annual volumes. Professor Hobhouse is the editor and his name indicates the scope and purpose of the new Review. In the first number are important articles by Professor Westermarck, Dr. Morrison, and H. A. L. Fisher, the brilliant author of a recent book on Napoleon. Mr. Fisher writes of "The Sociological View of History," and his style is epigrammatic of the nineties. Briefly, his thesis is an amplification of Taine's dictum that History is "applied psychology," in this instance of national psychology. Dr. Morrison's contribution, "The Criminal Problem," will not, we hope, be missed by Sir Robert Anderson. "The real remedy for crime," he says, "is not more elaborate methods of punishment, but an improvement of the adverse social conditions of the community as a whole. The real problem is social, not penal; it forms one branch of the great social problem which is now confronting and puzzling the world."

Among other magazines received by us, "School" is as usual full of articles of interest. The illustrated school of

the month is Malvern. Mr. Bompas Smith's critical review of Mr. Keatinge's "Suggestion in Education" is admirably done. Suggestion, in short, may easily become a tyranny; and that is a reply to Mr. Keatinge. The "Occult Review" contains, we are glad to see the first of a series of articles by a NEW AGE writer on "The Magic of a Symbol". The February "Grand" penultimate Mr. H. G. Wells's coruscating and proliferating articles on Socialism. Now we shall look forward to their publication in book-form. The "Woman-Worker" (1d. monthly) contains articles by Robert Blatchford, Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, and Edward Cadbury. It is a wonderful little magazine.

DRAMA.

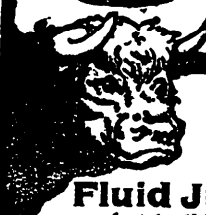
The Sicilians and Paragot.

As a sensation the Sicilians at the Shaftesbury are superb; as a rough-carved school of local acting they make a very strong appeal to anyone who sees many smooth conventional plays. This is the probable reason for the enthusiasm with which they have been hailed; in the clapping and applause the gasp of relief of the habitual playgoer could easily be distinguished. And from the actors' point of view they are so encouraging also, they do all the things actors and actresses always want to do but cannot. They let themselves rip—like anything. They fight, curse, bang, shout, scream, love, and hate in a whirl of energy from start to finish, and when they are otherwise doing nothing, their lips and arms are usually quivering with impatience. Their gestures are free and unconstrained; they scratch their heads, spit, convulse their features, give their imaginary opponents imaginary kicks, and add a repertory of hisses, lip smackings, and Rabelaisian mouth noises to our conventional stock. Lastly, but not leastly, whenever they are particularly applauded they care not how tense the passion or how high strung the situation—they break off to smile and bow to the audience. To the alien outsider this did not in the least contribute to break their spell; they held the audience by virtue of sheer exuberance of energy. How far that would have made a difference had we understood their language is another matter. Perchance in Sicily they have different playgoing habits; an English audience would hardly stand it. On the evening I saw them they were acting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Zolfara" ("The Sulphur Mine"). The one act of "Rusticana" went extremely well, perhaps because the opera has made it familiar to nearly everyone. One or two of the incidents were distinct thrills—once when Turridu bites Alfio's ear as a sign of his cheerful desire for a duel to the death, and once when Alfio is told of his wife's infidelity and sits down abruptly as if he had been shot. The secret of the mechanism of this action ought certainly to be learned by our own actors, the effect was so ultra-natural as to provoke a laugh at its comicality while at the same time being seriously impressive; it had all the spontaneity of a skater's sit-down fall upon

VEDANTA SOCIETY.

A Society has now been formed in London for the study of Vedanta, the oldest Indian philosophy of life. During the spring lectures will be given by the Swami Abhedananda, open both to members and non-members. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Miss A. L. BOWLES, 63 Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

JU-VIS




You simply drop a 1d. tablet of Ju-Vis into a breakfast cup of boiling water to make a most wholesome, delicious

BEEF TEA

improved by valuable vegetable additions. Tablets sold in 1d., 3d., and 10d. sizes. It is preferred by many for its delicate flavour. It is far cheaper than the usual Fluid Extract.

Fluid Ju-Vis

2oz. bottle 6d., 4oz. 11d., 8oz., 1/9.



A Breakfast CUP 1d.

ice. In "The Sulphur Mine" there was a little more difficulty, the prompter being hard at work, like a subdued chorus, the whole time, although this seemed hardly to interfere with the action in any way. One small disappointment did await us. The third act is "In the Mine," and during the course of the act the mine is set on fire by a swindled workman (the hero) and he happily awaits his death by the side of his murdered enemy (the mine overseer). I was hoping not only for some excellent melodramatic effects, but for some of the Sicilian brand of Socialism. Instead of which, either the prompter, the company, or the sulphur mine fire struck, and the audience were politely played out by "God Save the King." It was late, our nerves were shattered, and we went without a murmur, but do they do that in Sicily? I ask for information. In Spain, I understand, our English habit of seeing a play through at one sitting is disregarded, and the drama, like the novel, is taken in instalments—one act to-day, and the next in a week or a month. And taken in this way the drama is obviously a very different thing from ours. Is it different, too, in Sicily? It is more full-blooded and full-fleshed, more active, and more energetic than ours. When Mara (Mme. Mimi Aguglia) in "La Zolfara" admits her love for Japicu, she throws herself at him like a panther; when her husband Vanni (M. Cav. G. Grasso) discovers her he tries to batter in the door, and then goes for the lady with a long dagger, compromising in the end by tearing off her wedding ring and hurling her out of the house. The action is more vivid and more violent than anything we have here, but it is not melodrama, it is reality. Is this the reason why it is taken more lightly, with less responsibility, and with less illusion? The Sicilian actor bows in the middle of a scene of passion; his audience evidently like to realise they are seeing a presentment of art. Our actors do not bow like this; we like to imagine the stage is real life. Is the reason, perhaps, not our greater artistic development, but the lack of vitality in our selves? It would be interesting to know how the conditions of factory life in Italy are affecting the Italian taste in plays, or whether these conditions, robbing the playgoer of vitality, rob him of his artistic appreciations. Does the taste of the Italian factory town demand a greater illusion of realism? Is it possible in the town-life modern industrialism imposes as one of its conditions to have that joy in life that delights in the exuberance of art? It is at least significant that some of our greatest artists come from the fringes of our commercialised civilisation. And the most charming inspirations of our artists come from without its bounds. This applies with peculiar appropriateness to Mr. Locke's "Beloved Vagabond," although in the dramatised version, as played by Mr. Tree, a good deal of the charm gets lost. In the novel the delightful fantasy of Paragot's character is the predominating impression; in the play the rather incredible and at any rate uninteresting love story, became chief motif. The charm of Paragot is that he becomes a man refusing the shackles of our type of life while moving amid its towns and people, its life and work. He is the beloved vagabond, the knight of fantasy tilting against the cotton mills of commercialism. The artistic presentment of the man is obtained by saying no to every prudent, commonsense, and businesslike yes of our age. That is in the book where the love story is not obtruded; on the stage it was quite out of focus. Broadly speaking, the whole first act—where the lady is much in evidence—is not only superfluous, but actually damaging to the play's effect. Not to mention that Mr. Tree as Paragot had made himself up not half young enough. The Paragot-Tree fantasy was the fantasy of Tree's Lord Illingworth in Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," and that is out of date. It is, indeed, only in the second act that the real "Beloved Vagabond" as we know him in the book emerges, and here Mr. Tree was excellent, despite his rather heavy touch on delicate Puck-like things. But the love story again obtrudes and the lady walks across a Bacchic mystery. Joanna Rushworth is even

in the book rather a big mouthful to swallow; in the play she becomes almost impossible. If Joanna is to represent to Paragot a dream of beautiful English life in a park with elegant gardens and soft turf, why is she not shown in some such surroundings? An idealised type of this kind might appeal to Paragot, might make him wish to renounce all the delights of his vagabond artistic life; but Joanna is only talked about like this. When she is seen, all we are conscious of is Miss Evelyn Millard battling rather hard against considerable odds, trying to be charming with never a chance to show her charms or express herself in words at all. Perhaps on the stage the final surrender of Paragot to the love of the lady was inevitable. It did enable Blanquette to be very noble, but it is a pity we could not have seen Paragot and Blanquette going off together to their little farm in the South where the book leads them at last. To conventionalise the play is to take away its charm, only what remains of the original fantasia (mostly in the second act) has any real grip on the audience. Blanquette, very well played by Miss Hutin Britton, the Asticot of Mr. Leon M. Lion and Mr. Tree's second act Paragot were things well done. The rest was a mistaken sacrifice to convention.

L. HADEN GUEST.

ART,

The New County Hall.

THE selection of the design by Mr. Ralph Knott for the new County Hall is a matter upon which the L.C.C. is to be congratulated, for it promises to give to London a public building second to none in England and one which will bear comparison with the finest in other countries and of other times. As to its very high merits the profession appears to be unanimous. Mr. Norman Shaw has said that it marks a new epoch in English architecture. This is high praise, but we do not think it in any way exaggerates the truth. The design strikes a note in municipal architecture which is entirely new. Though it is in the Renaissance style it nevertheless contains an abundance of new and suggestive thought. Mr. Knott has broken through the more or less academic trammels which have encompassed the Modern Renaissance Revival, and given us a design full of the romantic feeling of the earlier Renaissance. It is remarkable alike for its breadth and simplicity, and we are assured that when it is completed it will rank as a great architectural conception. There are many beautiful examples of modern architecture on a comparatively small scale, but fate somehow or other seemed to have decreed that our most important buildings should be second rate. The design for the new County Hall breaks with this unworthy tradition. At last we are to have a building on the largest scale which will be representative of English architecture of to-day. That is, of course, if the L.C.C. will allow Mr. Knott's design to be executed as it stands. Otherwise disappointment can only be in store for us, and in place of a work of architectural genius we may get only its mutilated remains.

It is to be regretted that it should be necessary to question the wisdom of the L.C.C. in this connection, but considering the Council's debate on the accepted

WEARING WELL AND LOOKING WELL.

CLOTHES washed with HUDSON'S SOAP always look well because they are spotlessly clean and sweet when they come from the washing-tub; and it goes without saying that they wear all the better for it.

BOVRIL REPELS
INFLUENZA

design and the many foolish opinions then expressed there would appear to be a danger lest the L.C.C. should not rise to the occasion. The complaint is that the design is too plain. Perhaps it may appear so to men who are not accustomed to look at architectural drawings. But to the initiated, who look at the drawings with an eye to execution, it is not. In an article which I wrote for THE NEW AGE at the time when the designs were sent in, I pointed out that the great danger of competitions always lay in the fact that as the best buildings in execution do not make the best show on paper, the assessor will not always choose the best design because he fears his award may be repudiated by the public body concerned. On this occasion the assessors have had the courage of their convictions, and we must ask the L.C.C. to stand firmly by them.

We do not suppose that the L.C.C. will repudiate the assessors' award, but at the Council's debate there was some talk of modifying the design in execution. If such modification means the adding of a dome or a tower, or some detailed change in plan, then there is nothing to be said. Such a request is a reasonable one, to which no objection could be taken, but if, on the other hand, by modification is meant a demand that the design be elaborated—that a succession of pilasters are to cover the blank wall spaces, then I protest in the interests of architecture, good taste, and popular education against such vandalism. Such a modification of the design would utterly ruin it by destroying those effects of contrast which are the foundation of all good design. The demand is, in fact, as unreasonable as it would be to demand that a painter should leave out his shadows because of a preference for daylight. It would be an undue interference with the liberty of the architect which no private client with any pretensions to taste would presume to make. An architect must be allowed to exercise his own discretion in such matters, otherwise it will be impossible for him to produce good results. The L.C.C. may suggest, but if it is wise it will not presume to dictate. We insist upon this because there is a danger that it may consider the architect too young a man. Twenty-nine is rather early for an architect to handle such a commission as things go in our day. But there is no reason for public anxiety on that account. If an architect does not know what he is about by twenty-nine he never will.

A. J. PENTY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

CHARITY, OR CONSCIENCE MONEY?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The middle-class ratepayer knows well that the provision by the London County Council for feeding London's starving school children has been utterly inadequate this winter, but when he has forgotten that he will still remember, with gratitude, that the provision which has been made has not been made at his expense. He will continue, accordingly, to support the Moderates, since it is they who, by refusing to fix a rate, and by appealing for charitable contributions, have obtained funds, however insufficient, at the cost exclusively of those who can afford to pay.

No one will pretend that these charitable donations represent, in the main, any real sacrifice. The charitable have given "what they can afford," and they are the better representatives of a much greater proportion of the comfortable classes who could have afforded but lacked the charity. The estimate of what "can be afforded" may also be quite safely depended upon to be fairly within the mark.

It was to be expected that the total sum obtained would fall far short of the sum needed. That is a familiar characteristic of voluntary contributions.

The donations themselves point the obvious remedy. Every guinea charitably given is a proof of the ability, not only of the donor, but of many others who have given nothing, to give a guinea without inconvenience. A few rich persons have been good enough to make partial provision for this public need as a virtue. Not only they, but all their class, should be required to make complete provision as a duty.

It is clear from the subscription lists that they can bear without any inconvenience a considerable addition to the rates at present imposed upon them, and any system of rating which fails to provide that they should do so is an injustice to the middle-class and working-class ratepayers who are rated already far more heavily than they can afford.

The comfortable classes cry out that to do this is to treat them as milch cows, but they are not the only milch cows. They are milked lightly, while the poorer classes are milked dry.

E. W. D.

* * *

THE FABIAN SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. H. G. Wells is shocked when a prominent Fabian announces that the economic independence of women is not a "necessary consequence of Socialism." Of course, Mr. Wells is right. If Socialism means anything at all, it means that the foundation of intellectual freedom can only be built on a basis of economic freedom from another's mastership. Mr. Bland, apparently, only desires Socialism for one half of the community, his own half. It is delightfully candid of him to tell us so; and I'm sure he can back his case by examples of Greek philosophers who had no objection to the majority of the Athenians being slaves. Mr. Bland says the economic independence of women "may" come; he even thinks "probably it will come." Being a Socialist, I say, with Mr. Wells, that it must come, that it is at the very root of our creed. But why, oh why does Mr. Wells want to waste his time in converting the Fabians? Had there been a dozen sound Socialists present when Mr. Bland declared for Socialism for males, there would have been a riot. Whereas Essex Hall and the lecturer are in their usual health. Let us face the truth. The London Fabian Society is only a backwater of Socialist thought; a quiet pool for people who are not vigorous enough for a swim in the main stream.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

* * *

HAS THE HUMAN RACE "COME TO A HEAD"?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

This subject has appeared once or twice directly and indirectly in your valuable correspondence page, and rightly—for it is of supreme importance to the Socialist. If there was any excuse for Mr. Belloc's expression, "evolutionary trash," it might be found in the fact that while evolution makes such a splash, in the intellectual field, its practical result is small. It has, on the one hand, been almost universally misapplied in dealing with the evolution of society, while, on the other, it has failed to answer such an apparently simple question as whether our race is advancing or degenerating, whether it is in the vigour of youth or senile. The subject requires scientific treatment, but, in the meantime, we may regard all such hasty conclusions as to its having "come to a head" as nothing less than morbid. A letter is not the place to enter into so vast a controversy. But I wish to point out that the individual man is no more a complete animal than is a single minute polyp belonging to a huge coral colony. Each polyp contributes to the whole and helps in various infinitesimal ways towards the development of the whole. It is the whole mass, however, with its myriad polyps in that it is being shaped by the never ending interactions between its inner forces and those of the surge and other factors of the environment, that is finding its place in the cosmos. Individual man cannot come to any "head" until human society has finished its possible evolution. Look at the human society say of England! Not one quarter of it has been allowed ever to attain full manhood, for "man cannot live by bread alone." The inner meaning of democracy surely is the desire to secure full development for every individual. Are we not now only in the throes of its victorious advance?

HENRY M. BERNARD.

* * *

"THE NEOLITH."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In your kind notice of the "Neolith," in a recent number of THE NEW AGE there are two mistakes, and I shall be very much obliged if you can find space in your next issue to correct them.

The annual subscription to the "Neolith" is £1 and not a guinea, and the "Neolith" is not produced by Messrs. Kell & Son, the printers, but is published at Royalty Chambers, Dean Street, W., under the joint direction of Mrs. E. Nesbit-Bland, Grailey Hewitt, F. Ernest Jackson, and Spencer Pryse.

ROSE GARDNER (Secretary).

WASH UP! WASH UP! WASH UP!

Wash up the breakfast, dinner and tea services with HUDSON'S SOAP. Makes grease fly! never clogs. Leaves knives, forks, and anything washed with it scrupulously clean and sweet.

BOOKS FOR MODERN READERS

THE NEW AGE.
VOL. I.

BACK NUMBERS.

BOOKS ABOUT NIETZSCHE.

No Socialist can afford to leave unconsidered the ideas of Friedrich Nietzsche, the greatest teacher of the aristocratic philosophy.

THE G. B. S. CALENDAR.

LIBERALISM

from the Socialist point of view. If you still think Liberalism leads to Socialism—Read this book.

SOCIALISM AND CRAFTSMANSHIP.

The question of Art under Socialism.

BELFORT BAX ON SOCIALISM.

A PLAY BY FLORENCE FARR.

THE NEW AGE. Vol. I. (May—October, 1907). Price 4s. 6d., by post 5s. Contains articles by most of the best-known modern Socialist writers.

"The first volume of THE NEW AGE is destined to become the bibliomaniac's treasure."

Only a few on sale.

IMPORTANT.—In consequence of the run on back numbers, the price of single copies of any week's issue of THE NEW AGE before November, 1907, has been raised to 2d., post free 2½d.

BINDING CASES for NEW AGE. Binding cases are now ready together with Index of First Volume. Price 1s. 6d., by post 1s. 8d.

NIETZSCHE IN OUTLINE AND APHORISM. By A. R. ORAGE. 2s. 6d. net., by post 2s. 8d.

A complete guide to the philosophy of Nietzsche.

Now Ready.

LOVE POEMS. By W. R. TITTERTON. Paper covers, price 1s. net., by post 1s. 2d.

Contains some of the most passionate and beautiful lyrics of recent times.

THE REVIVAL OF ARISTOCRACY. By DR. OSCAR LEVY. 3s. 6d. net., by post 3s. 9d.

A brilliant study from the Nietzschean point of view.

ORDER NOW.

THE SANITY OF ART. By BERNARD SHAW. Price 1s. net. paper covers, by post 1s. 1d.; 2s. net. in cloth, by post 2s. 2d.

A reprint of Mr. Bernard Shaw's famous essay first contributed to the pages of *Liberty* (New York), and never before published in England. The copies of *Liberty* containing the essay are now out of print and of great value. A new preface has been specially written for this issue. "The Sanity of Art" is Mr. Shaw's most important pronouncement on the subject of Art, and admittedly one of the finest pieces of Art criticism in the language.

Orders may be placed now.

Now Ready.

THE G. B. S. CALENDAR. Price 1s. net., by post 1s. 2d.

Just the thing for a Christmas or New Year Gift. Useful, instructive, entertaining. A quotation from the plays and essays of Bernard Shaw for every day of the year. No other Calendar contains so much really palatable food for the mind. Valuable alike to the Socialist and the Anti-Socialist. A stimulus to the one and an encouragement to the other. There is nothing to equal it as a daily companion or as a propagandist of the new faith. Age cannot stale its infinite variety; it will last as long as time. The Calendar is beautifully printed and made to hang on the wall. Order at once.

ORDER NOW.

FABIANISM AND THE EMPIRE. Edited by BERNARD SHAW. Price 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

A complete exposition of the Socialist view of Imperialism, with a programme.

FABIAN ESSAYS. Containing a complete statement of Fabian economics and politics. Edited by BERNARD SHAW, with contributions by HUBERT BLAND, SIDNEY OLIVIER, ANNIE BESANT, etc. Price 1s. net; by post 1s. 2d.

GLADSTONIAN GHOSTS. By CECIL CHESTERTON. 230 pp. Price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 9d.

The most able criticism of Liberal politics and the doctrine of *laissez faire* now before the public. Contains: Dedicatory Letter to Edgar Jepson, and chapters on Militarism, the Fetish of Free Trade, Anarchism, Social Reconstruction, and a Socialist Programme.

THE RESTORATION OF THE GILD SYSTEM. By A. J. PENTY. Price 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 9d.

One of the most thought-provoking works on social economy. Should be read by all Craftsmen and students of Sociology.

"An ably-written plea for the revival of an artistic tradition, and for the control of industry, not by the financier, but by the master-craftsman."—*Times*. "It would be idle to deny that Mr. Penty's criticism of Collectivism is both able and stimulating."—*Fabian News*.

ESSAYS IN SOCIALISM. By E. BELFORT BAX. 135 pages. Price 6d., by post 8d.

A reprint of the brilliant and thoughtful essays of the Socialist philosopher.

Now Ready.

THE MYSTERY OF TIME: A Play. By FLORENCE FARR, author of "The Dancing Faun," and the brilliant articles now appearing in the *New Age*. Price 6d. net., by post 7d.

A remittance must accompany all orders. Kindly make out postal orders to the New Age Press, London.

NEW AGE (BOOK DEPARTMENT), 139 & 140, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.